The Seaside Library

THE LUTANISTE OF ST. JACOBI'S.

By CATHARINE DREW.

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The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's.

A TALE.

By CATHARINE DREW.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE NEUMARCK.

More than two hundred years ago a letter was written at Königsberg by the Professor of Poetry at the University, Simon Dach, to a friend and former disciple, George Neumarck, a musician at Hamburg.

A moment's reflection will recall to the minds of English readers the names of both these men as writers of verses—some sacred and some secular—with translations of which various writers have made us familiar. In the pages of Miss Catherine Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica*, Simon Dach's name occurs twice, and that of George Neumarck once.

Verse writing has never been looked upon as remunerative work, poets being proverbially poor men. Music, on the contrary, gives golden guerdons. But in the seventeenth century the position of the two branches of art was exactly the reverse, the early history of all the greatest musicians being chronicles of years of struggling. Thus Simon Dach found a royal patron and a professorial chair, and was placed beyond reach of want; while George Neumarck was still poor, and worse—unknown to those who might have made him rich.

The tie that bound these two men together as friends was not that of kinship, but something that is often stronger and more enduring than the relationship which is of blood only. Neumarck had been Dach's disciple first, and friend afterwards; under his teaching, and with him as his companion, George had spent the determining years of his life, receiving from his master's teaching certain impressions that turned the whole current of his life into new channels.

With a kind of dismay, born of his affection for his old pupil, Dach regarded George's career with painful interest. In one respect he would not have had it otherwise, and was proud of the result of his lessons; in another, he grieved that one he loved should, through him, experience the sharp sting of poverty, that fight for bare existence which all the ease and prosperity of his own latter days were powerless to make him forget. That George had chosen rightly in refusing to enter on a career for which easy acquiescence with popular views, and submission of conscience to the guidance of others, were the chief qualifications, Dach reflected proudly; but there were times at which he remembered, with sorrow, that to his teaching was owing the low ebb to which his friend's worldly prospects had now fallen.

It had been Neumarck's misfortune to be a clever child, or, rather, to be considered so. It was the same in the seventeenth century as it is even now in the nineteenth, that when the boy said unusual and unexpected things, the source of which his parents were unable to trace, they thought it must be genius that prompted the utterances, and set him down as an infant prodigy.

It is the trouble of but too many parents in the present day to find callings for their sons. Every market seems to be over-stocked. Neumarck's parents only doubted that any of the doors at which George might knock were worthy of such condescension on his part. But whatever threshold he stepped over, they pictured him having to stoop in doing it, so ill-calculated were the lintels in height for an intellectual giant like him.

And now all their great expectations were dead. They had been born almost by the boy's cradle, but all their fond prophecies remained unfulfilled; he disappointed their best hopes, and when he left the University of Königsberg, it was as if father and mother sat by the grave of all their early anticipations. When our story opens, George had been written down by every one as a failure; and in that respect also the seventeenth century resembled the nineteenth, that it only worshiped successful people.

For thirty years previously, Germany had been governed by the sword, or by a succession of swords. The Peace of Westphalia inaugurated a new dispensation, and statesmanship, or, as George styled it, statesmancraft, was to be the controlling power for the future.

In selecting jurisprudence as the future calling of their son, George Neumarck's parents were far from unkind to him. To the popular view it was a path to lead to eminence, and, the number of men to whom the previous preparation had been possible being limited, the field appeared to be clear for a gifted young man to enter upon it. Now that war was over, the world was for the future to be governed, not by the sword, but by legal acumen.

But George refused to follow the path that parental care had laid down for him—not the first, by many thousands, who had chosen for himself his line in life.

But in Neumarck's case it was the trying part to his friends, that when he said he would not follow a certain course, he was unable to say what other he would take. In truth he did not know himself, for the time had not yet come with him when he could see a decided path in which to tread.

"Life," says Mr. Frederick Wedmore, "life itself, or at all events the life of most of us, is a success or failure according to the very closeness with which we lay hold on the incident or occasion of the hour—according as, by the power born or bred within us, we grasp truly or falsely the relation of passing things."

George had none of this power. In a worldly world he would ever be a failure; but in a spiritual one he would have been a king. His University life had been cloister-like in its seclusion from the world; it had been a long dream of preparation for an Utopia that had no existence outside the walls of Königsberg, in which music and its kindred art, poetry, should be the recreations of pious people, who lived only to be ready for a higher state of existence.

George Neumarck's strongest point was as a musician, and to this gift he looked chiefly as a means of subsistence. But even in this he was not powerful. It was necessary to take him as a high-minded, honest man, very pious and very intellectual—shrinkingly so—to find what he was as a whole. Taking any one of these endowments apart from the others, it was weak; taken together, they were strong.

In speaking of him as a musician, he cannot be classed with any of the great men of his time. In fact, it has been one of the difficulties encountered in trying to tell the story of his life, or a part of it, that it gave no materials for sketching a hero, strong, broad in mind, powerful in gifts. Only for his piety, George Neumarck would have left little behind him to record in connection with his name.

As the only practical shape his convictions took was the refusal to study jurisprudence, so far from convincing his parents of his wisdom, it caused a breach between him and them that time widened rather than bridged over.

When Simon Dach's letter was delivered to him, he had left the University some years previously, and after many vicissitudes, continual struggles with poverty, resulting always in failure, he found himself at Hamburg, a poor man—so poor that the commonest necessaries of life were procured with difficulty. As to a home, he lived in the meanest attic, because the cheapest, that he had been able to find in the city of Hamburg.

Two hundred years ago, letters were not the daily and hourly events that they have come to be in the present day. Only kings, generals, statesmen, and great scholars enjoyed the luxury of frequently sending each other lengthy communications, and even the most exalted personages had difficulty in transmitting their letters from one place to another, not to speak of inevitable delays upon the road.

Such a man, for instance, as Simon Dach, the learned Professor at Königsberg, might frequently be found committing his thoughts to paper; opportunities of sending letters were afforded him that other people never enjoyed, for all the scholars of Germany out on their travels were sure to visit Königsberg.

In George Neumarck's life of loneliness and struggle with poverty, a letter from his old master came like a gleam of sunshine, and seemed to light up all the dark corners of the attic in which he lived.

It was such a mean little room, the roof open up to the tiles, with beams across, at some places sloping down so far that George could not even sit under, much less stand upright. It had but one window, this attic, a dormer, that looked down into the street; but the latter was narrow, as still in the old parts of the German towns, and the opposite houses came so close as to allow little air and light to find their way into Neumarck's room. In our English language we should call that attic-room a garret, and it had the squalid aspect and discomfort, from absence of all but bare necessaries, that we associate with the term.

Notwithstanding the years of absence from Königsberg that lay between them, Neumarck still treated his old master like a father confessor, and, when he wrote to Dach, poured out all his hopes, fears, and pains, adding all minor details of his life at Hamburg.

He eagerly seized the letter, cut the silk braid that bound it, broke the seal, and began to read.

"It grieves me much what thou hast written"—so ran the letter. "Love may turn out to be either a priceless boon or a great misfortune.

"If the young woman, Barbara, did but return thy affection, then thou wouldst be fairly sure of the first; but if she does not, as I gather from thy letter, the second must come to you, must even now be climbing up thy stairs to tap for admittance at thy chamber door. Thou art, I perceive, at the stage that hopes much. Better for thee would it be if thou feared a little. Hast thou forgotten me and my Annie of Tharaw? By my own soul and its struggles I know how it is with thine, and how thy heart beats. If thou hast still by thee a copy of my verses, turn to them, and read them over; in them, peradventure, thou wilt recognize thy hopes and thyself. The maid Barbara, it seems, hath ensnared thee. Thou mayest not have, as I had, a rich amber merchant for thy rival, but thou hast worse to fear from the worldliness that fills the heart and soul of many women who have a fair exterior.

"Ah, George! could I but give thee the peace of mind that I enjoy! No thoughts have I now but of heaven, were it not that a fear for thee breaks in upon my calm, and disturbs it. Youth is indeed deceitful, and beauty vain. Let me implore of thee to try and wean thy thoughts from this Barbara. Something tells me that she is not worthy, if so it be that she cannot discern the value of a soul like thine——"

Neumarck stopped reading, broke off at this sentence, and laid down the letter. Up to this point he had read in patience, and with toleration, to a certain extent; but when Simon Dach, never having seen this Barbara—her who could inspire a poet with rich dreams, waking and sleeping—could surmise that she was not worthy of devotion, then it was clear that his judgment, usually keen, was at fault.

Therefore all the good advice given went for naught, with the exception of one piece, which, laying down the letter, George followed. For the first time since he himself had been attracted by a pretty face did he remember that Simon also, when he was young, had been in love. Dach was poor then—only a school-master—and his suit had not prospered.

In the interest of strict veracity, it must also be mentioned, that George had just then in course of composition a set of verses addressed to this girl Barbara, which he hoped eventually would be read by her; and he felt a sudden desire to refresh his memory with a sight of the verses which Dach—once affected similarly as he was himself—had penned to the object of his idolatry.

George had few drawers to search for the manuscript; even a writing-desk in his apartment was only conspicuous by its absence. But in a wallet, that had been his companion all through his wanderings, miscellaneous papers were stowed, among which was the poem, in manuscript, to which Dach had alluded.

"Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

"Annie of Tharaw her heart once again
To me has surrendered, in joy and in pain.

"Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good;
Thou, O my soul! my flesh and my blood.

"Then come the wild weather, come sleet, or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

"Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain;

"As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats and the more the rain fall."*
etc., etc.

"And Dach tells me that I hope too much!" George said to himself. "I have never dared to look forward or speak in prophecy, as he did. God knows that I am not over-confident."

He read no more of his friend's letter just then, but going to the dormer window, which was open, he thrust his shoulders as far forward as the narrow proportions of the frame would admit, and looked down into the street below.

"Yes," he continued to himself, "Annie of Tharaw was a coquette, exactly as Dach describes her; he was told it by others, but he refused to believe it possible. Barbara is quite different; she is sweet, and innocent, and artless. She knows nothing of the great world in which Annie had lived."

CHAPTER II.

IN SEARCH OF FORTUNE.

Compared with the intellectual world of the latter half of the nineteenth century, that of the seventeeeth, in which George Neumarck lived, was a limited one; but it was not the less his own, the disapproval and contempt of which had to be encountered and borne with patiently.

For those who desired to follow the learned professions the times were especially favorable, and Neumarck, had he been able to avail himself of the opportunities that every day offered themselves to educated men like him, might have risen to greatness, or at least to wealth.

But George had aspirations after a higher life, a life in which music and poetry should be his voice, and interpret between him and the world at large. Unfortunately Germany was not then in a position to appreciate the artistic temperament strongly developed, and, like virtue, the study of music and poetry was to be its own reward; to posterity it was to be left to bestow posthumous honors upon the men of genius of the seventeenth century.

Nor was the isolation in which Neumarck's poverty obliged him to live, favorable to the production of good work.

He had written both music and verse in abundance since he left Königsberg, but unfortunately he had no means of introducing them to the world. So, as he grew poorer and poorer, he was written down as a failure, and consequently came to be regarded as a kind of criminal. The world that is quick to reward success, is terrible to punish failure. Fortune then, as she does to-day, only crowns those who conquer her.

The struggles of the Thirty Years' War in Germany were over, and with the signing of the Peace of Westphalia a great calm fell upon the distracted country.

Thirty years represent the growth to manhood of a whole generation that had come to maturity with the din of battles, the call to arms, perpetually sounding in their ears. The men who survived the years of slaughter, and were now heads of families, had had their standards of what was great and noble formed in a school where combativeness was the first of Christian virtues, and a man nothing if not a soldier.

The scholar who was only a scholar, and shrank from strife—even that of tongues—was held in but poor estimation; and when George Neumarck was not a soldier, and declined to be a statesman, even his partial parents lost all faith in his future.

Ideally, as suggesting future themes for poets and painters, the time through which Germany had just passed was a heroic age. Actually, it had been the stultification of all that was noble and tended to progress.

For thirty years Germany had been a great battle-field, the scene shifting from one state to another. Sovereignsc hanged until the inhabitants never knew exactly who ruled over them, but were handed over by one master to another as suited the political exigency of each successive conqueror's policy. But whether the possessors were aliens or native soldiers, the same disastrous consequences fell upon the wretched peasantry, who were obliged to feed the locust armies passing through their country, and even submit to be stripped of their last coins to provide for the generals the means of hiring more troops.

Art, for the time being, was dead, or sleeping a long sleep. Something of the dullness and hardness which England displayed at the close of the Peninsular wars in her productions was the condition of Germany, but intensified a thousand times by having had the disturbing element at home with her.

When we look at our own art-work of the period which Mr. Gladstone aptly termed "the iron age of George the Fourth," we recognize some of the features—can dimly shadow what must have been the condition of European art in the middle of the seventeen century.

One by one her painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, had obeyed the call to arms, joined the ranks, and fallen fighting for their country. The men who, fifty years later, would fill their places in the world, had not yet been born, so that the number of the cultivated who were to do the work of education was exceedingly small.

When we speak of an Alma Mater as "venerable," we do not think of applying the term to a university only one hundred years old; yet Königsberg was, for the seventeenth century, quite an old foundation. It had escaped marvelously the sufferings that fell on larger places, having lain out of, rather than in, the track of the belligerents. Under the shelter of its walls had gathered a little band of scholars, who read, wrote, thought, and worked together; men who, amid the crash and din of a discordant world, still managed to preserve some traditions of sweetness and light.

The story of the brotherhood of Christian scholars at Königsberg has been written by several pens. Some have dwelt upon the learned, some on the pious, a few upon the poetical characteristics of the little band. How the members of the famous Productive Society met together to read their verses and sing the sweet music to which the words were set, is matter of almost forgotten history. All this George Neumarck left behind him when he turned his back on Königsberg, and went out into the world to seek his fortune.

Simon Dach was sorely troubled at parting with his young disciple, but to keep him at Königsberg longer would only be to defer the day that must eventually come, when George must face the future.

Of the arts to revive first was music, and to it Neumarck looked as a temporary means of subsistence, until some permanent post suitable to him offered. Organs in the churches were beginning to be much used, but in the meantime bands of musicians supplied their place in towns not so fortunate as to possess the larger instruments. Then libraries were once more being collected together; every state was looking up its possessions, and seeking learned men to help it to set its house in order. Thus, though George had not exactly a recognized profession, he was too gifted and accomplished a scholar to be long unemployed. So said his companions, taking leave, and so echoed Simon Dach,

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* See Longfellow's translation.

the hope being the parent of the assurance. German fashion, he embraced his friend, with a heart full to overflowing, as he pressed upon him a parting gift, a viol da gamba, that was dear to Dach's heart as would be a child to a parent.

"Take it," Dach said, in a voice choked with emotion; "it will remind thee of the past, and, who knows, make for thee a future. It is Tielke's master-piece—the great Tielke of Hamburg—the first instrument-maker in the world. Thou wishest to try Dantzig, my friend, and it is well that thou shouldest; but if the world there makes no room for thee, go on to Hamburg. I have told thee, and I still believe it, that it is the place for thee. All the music in the world that is worth having comes from it, for the Tielkes are the greatest makers of instruments in the world. For three generations they have lived and worked, and men come from France, from the Low Countries, from Italy, and all parts of Germany to buy, and to try and learn the secrets of their workmanship. Thou hast only to present thyself to old Joachim with this viol in thy hand, to be welcomed for its sake and mine. Tielke will recognize it at once, for it is unique, as are all his instruments; he never makes two alike. Those quaint conceits with which it is inlaid are the young man's. He took them out of Cæsare Ripa's Italian book, though the old lady, his mother, shook her head, and disapproved of Venus and Apollo, and even of Diana.

"At Hamburg," continued Dach, "you will meet Schnitker, who is building prodigious church organs, the like of which the world has never yet seen. He has sent his son to Rome to study the church music that Master Palestrina left, and then, what work they together will do! Tielke will introduce thee to Schnitker, and as his works are so great, and likely to be greater still, he will have need of a man like thee, George. Some day I shall follow thee there, and congratulate thee on thy good fortune. Besides, I want to see the grand churches at Hamburg, and hear the minstrels on Sundays. In St. Nicholas's, I am told that seventy-five musicians play together in the minstrel's gallery; and at St. Jacobi's and St. Catherine's they will never rest satisfied until they, too, have each the same number. Yes, George, next to Königsberg, the world is at home at Hamburg."*

CHAPTER III.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

As an instrument for general use, the viol da gamba, given by Dach to Neumarck, has long been out of date, and has almost disappeared, driven out by the violoncello, which has taken its place in modern orchestras. It was, as its name signifies, a knee violin, as distinguished from the viola da braccia, or the viola played upon the arm. The viol da gamba is about the size of the violoncello, but has a flat back, like the double bass; the openings in the belly have not the *f* shape, but are variously cut, generally in a thin crescent. The finger-board was originally provided with frets, which were afterwards discontinued; it was mounted with six cat-gut strings, which were ultimately increased to seven, the three lowest being covered with wire.

The six strings were usually tuned in fourths, the lowest note being B below the first ledger line, and the highest B in the second octave above, being the B above the first ledger line. In the South Kensington Museum may be seen several fine specimens of the viol da gamba, the handsomest being stamped "Tielke, fecit," with a date.

One reason for this instrument being dispensed with is that its higher notes are equally well, and more easily, produced on the tenor violin, while the effect of the lower strings is much finer on the violoncello.†

To Dantzig, in the first instance, George Neumarck turned his steps, and for a time hope stood his friend in keeping him from despair. But a fire broke out in the house in which he lived, and he only managed to escape with a wallet full of manuscripts, and his chest of viols—his own, and the gift of Simon Dach.

To stay longer at Dantzig under such conditions was useless. He had not sufficient prospect of employment there to induce him to remain after his misfortune; so selling his own viol to raise money for his journey, and retaining Dach's for future use, George set out for Hamburg.

But when the Professor of Poetry described his friends there in such glowing colors, he had made no allowance for the lapse of time since he had seen them, nor the possible changes in their fortunes since he had heard from them. In the tranquil life he led at Königsberg, Dach had found it impossible to realize the effects of the war in other places, nor how materially it had effected the social condition of the whole country. It had not occurred to him that he was describing a state of things that no longer existed.

Neumarck arrived at Hamburg to find not only old Tielke dead, but the son who had been his partner in making musical instruments dead also. The survivors of the family, old Madam Tielke and her two grandchildren, he found, but they were struggling in a state of poverty little better than his own, and though they received him kindly, they themselves stood more in need of help than in a position to give it.

In a small cottage on the outskirts of the town lived Madam Tielke, her grandson, and granddaughter. Once the house had been the home of one of old Tielke's workmen; now the widow of his master was glad to find a refuge in old age beneath its roof.

Like thousands of his countrymen, the war had ruined old Tielke. For years he had gone on working, in hopes that peace would come, and his old patrons return to him. But with the death of many of his best friends, and of the bravest of his contemporaries, his hopes died also. One by one his workmen were drawn off to serve in the army, until he and his son were left alone in the *atelier*. Still they would not give up, but worked on together, sparing no pains upon their instruments. The cases were carved, painted, and inlaid; the tones refined to the utmost, in hopes that one day payments would come in to reimburse the makers for their outlay. Ivory, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, and rare woods were costly materials in those days; but the Tielkes, like true art workmen, reverenced their work too deeply to turn out a viol da gamba, or a lute, or a zither inferior to those they had made in more prosperous days. But the good time was not to come for them in this world.

One by one all who had helped the Tielkes to hold out became themselves insolvent, and before the result of the peace signed at Westphalia could be felt in a revival of trade, father and son were beyond the reach of help, and had found lasting rest from their labors in quiet graves.

Young Tielke was too young when his father and grandfather died, even if he had had the funds, to take up their work and carry it on. The Schnitkers, who had their factory about thirty miles from the town, gave him employment, not very remunerative, but yet enough to help him keep the wolf from the door of the cottage where his grandmother and sister lived. Sometimes he was allowed to bring his work home to do, weeks which were full of inexpressible comfort to his sister, Janotha, who at other times had only her grandmother for society.

Like many other girls in Hamburg, Janotha earned money by making pillow-lace, for which both in Germany, France, England, and the Low Countries, a demand had been created by the caprices of fashion.

The Schnitkers received George Neumarck kindly, and Dach's introduction to them brought him a few pupils, also an engagement for Sundays and holidays in the Church of St. Jacobi's, where, up to the time of his coming, the viol da gamba had been but indifferently played.

As a beginning, employment like this would have been well enough, but as time went on, and George Neumarck saw no new prospects opening before him, his spirits fell very low indeed. He had written a good deal of music, and when his concerted pieces were performed in church, every one pronounced them to be very fine, and admirably played, but these performances brought him no money. Now and then some new pieces of music would be sent from some musician not half so good a scholar as George, but one known by name to the world; and the applause always took the form of silver pieces, which the authorities of the church sent to the fortunate composer.

It was all very well for Neumarck's friends to write him consolatory and prophetic letters from Königsberg, but a long reign of poverty, and a succession of actual disappointments, deprive sympathy of much of its usefulness in raising the spirits.

"Be assured," writes one friend, "that everything great and good becomes at length known. The nations will become acquainted with everything splendid in the kingdom of mind, let it bloom in a small or in a large country. Certainly, during the time the artist may have died, but then he must receive compensation in another world."

Need it be remarked that George, even with the loftiest ideas of future fame, and a certain faith in its coming, did occasionally wish for some of this compensation in advance, if only an installment—paid on account, as it were? Here below, unfortunately, the immortal has to bow down before the mortal; clothes, food, and rent are the sad necessities of our mundane condition; and George scarcely felt the present altogether alleviated by the prospect of this magnificent future.

Another friend, one also a member of the Productive Society, poured in oil and wine in the same abundance.

"Though Hamburg may now care little for the works produced within her territory, be assured that one day she will awake to a sense of the honor done her. The great men of the age are like mountains; they cause the land to be seen from afar, and give it importance, but in themselves they are bare and cold; their heights are never properly known."

And very bare and cold was Neumarck's attic in winter; but at the time he received Dach's letter of warning about the girl Barbara, it was summer, the leafy month of June, and he was enjoying the fine weather as much as a poor poet and musician who was struggling against adverse fortune was able to do.

CHAPTER IV.

LACE-MAKERS.

The street in which George Neumarck lived is no longer in existence. It was one of those swept away in the great fire that destroyed 2,000 houses in Hamburg in 1842. Modern sanitarians would have lashed themselves into righteous rage at the sight of the narrow passage between the rows of houses, the tall dark buildings, story upon story, that prevented air and sunlight making their way down the street. House drainage had not then been invented, and people lived on to old age, very old age, without having had any advanced views upon proper methods of ventilation.

When George Neumarck looked out of his attic window, his view was rather limited, for the houses on the opposite side of the street were very near—so near, that he and a one-eyed cobbler who occupied the garret opposite could call across to each other, exchange remarks upon the weather, and compare notes upon the arrival of the swallows and the departure of the storks. When fuel is scarce, then the signs and tokens of coming fine weather are very important to poor people. As to sunshine, whatever there was, George and the cobbler had it, and the inhabitants of a palace could say no more for themselves than that.

The cobbler was not a man of education. School Boards were not in those days in existence, and the speechifying artisan of the nineteenth century was as yet undreamed of. But the cobbler was a good and pious old soul, doing his duty, and more than his duty, to his neighbors when there was need of it. It was rather a dull life, and a hard one; but since George became his neighbor, things had very much mended. It was almost a taste of dissipation to have music at any hour of the day coming in through the window; and it could not be wrong to enjoy it, when Master Neumarck was one who played on Sundays in the church, and composed such beautiful hymns, that one was constrained to sing them to one's self over the soling and heeling, and thank God for having sent so good a neighbor. And old Peter took the full good out of Neumarck's hymns, piping them to himself in a thin, high voice that was enough to scare the storks upon the roof had they been any other birds, and not gifted with the rarest intelligence.

But what lover would consider his range of vision limited if it were bounded by the house of her he loved? Still more, when the beloved spent most of her mornings and afternoons seated upon the door-step, and the sound of her voice could float up to and in at the dormer window?

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* See Appendix No. 1—"Church Music in Germany in the Seventeenth Century."

† See Appendix No. 2—"Musical Instruments."

By trade Barbara Etterlein was a lace-maker, as were most of the girls at that time in Hamburg.

The earliest lace of which we have specimens was cut work, a linen foundation in which holes were made by cutting or drawing the threads, and finished with needle-work.

The lace-makers of the next period abandoned the linen foundation altogether; they formed the whole design, and grounded it with the needle alone. Modern imitations introduce point lace braid to lessen the work of making the solid parts—the motive of the design—with the needle; and crochet flowers are used to simulate the old Spanish and Italian points.

About a century or rather more before the time of which our story tells, the making of pillow-lace was introduced into Germany, and in course of time the laborious point lace, formed altogether by the work of the needle on the parchment on which the pattern was traced, ceased to be generally made. In the convents, however, needle point still continued to be worked for nearly two hundred years longer.

Fashion, and the invention of loom-made lace, has driven the pillow-lace in its turn out of its old place. In Saxony and Bohemia it is still the winter work of the peasants, men and boys as well as women, who bring it down to the towns in summer for sale. When lace was wanted for the Queen of Spain's wedding-dresses, what was not supplied by Brussels was brought from the Erzegebirge.

The manner of making pillow-lace it may be unnecessary to describe, as English ladies are so familiar with Honiton; and the principle on which Macrame is produced is precisely the same as that on which Torchon, old Mechlin, and the coarse laces of Bohemia and Saxony are woven. The pillow now in use is a stuffed cylindrical cushion. An axis, the ends of which rest in sockets on a wooden stand, runs down the center; the whole rests upon a table. But in Barbara Etterlein's time the pillow was merely a cushion that was placed on the worker's knees. On the pillow a stiff piece of parchment is fixed, with small holes pricked through to mark the pattern. Through these holes pins are stuck into the cushion. The threads with which the lace is formed are wound upon “bobbins,” small round pieces of wood about the size of a pencil, having round their upper ends a deep groove, so formed as to reduce the bobbin to a thin neck, on which the thread is wound, a separate bobbin being used for each thread. By the twisting and crossing of these threads the ground of the lace is formed. The pattern or figure, technically called “gimp,” is made by interweaving a thread much thicker than that forming the groundwork, according to the design pricked out on the parchment.

To give an idea of the skill required in managing these bobbins, it is only necessary to think of the number employed; even for the narrowest edgings. About fifty bobbins are employed for each square inch; lace one inch wide will demand 625 meshes in each square inch, or 22,500 in a yard.

The prices asked, even in the present day, for coarse pillow-laces appear to be high, but are not so in reality, as, even with a dexterous worker, the piece of lace grows slowly.

A great trade with other countries was done by Germany in lace during the seventeenth century. When our story opens, the pillow-work was confined to certain districts, to which it had been brought from Flanders. Some years later, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove hundreds of Huguenot refugees to Germany, who carried with them a knowledge of skilled work, including lace, that more than paid the inhabitants of the countries in which they settled for the asylum afforded them.

Shortly before the times for holding the great fairs of Germany, colporteurs used to travel over the country and buy up all the lace at which the women had been working during the past year. Thus it was never necessary to go from home to seek a market for their wares, and girls like Janotha Tielke and Barbara Etterlein had regular employment that paid steadily, if not largely, and entailed no severe tax upon health.

CHAPTER V.

BARBARA ETTERLEIN.

Continuing to meditate on the story of Annie of Tharaw and her rejected wooer, Neumarck rested on the window-sill, and looked down into the street. When he played on his viol da gamba, the girls below could hear him; when they talked, and laughed, and called from one door-step to another with gossip and jests, George felt himself almost as one of them, so near did the voices sound.

To-night the door-steps were all vacant, and George stretched as far out as the window-frame allowed him, to see to what length the shadows at the end of the street reached. In the excitement consequent upon so important an event as the arrival of a letter from Simon Dach, he might possibly have forgotten how time was passing, and missed the hour at which Barbara and her companions sallied out in a body to fetch water from the fountain in the Platz.

But Fortune, for once, was on his side. Soon Barbara's neighbors came out, and passed up and out of the street with their pitchers, and Barbara was not among them.

Doubtless it was her figure that he saw behind the muslin curtain in Madam Etterlein's room, and several of the passers-by gave nods in, after the usual manner in which homage was paid to his pretty neighbor.

“Poor Dach!” said Neumarck to himself; “it was altogether a mistake on his part. I am sure no one loves him better than I do, or does his virtues more honor; but he never could, at any period of his life, have been a girl's fancy. Ænnchen of Tharaw was a great young lady, far above him in rank. She had been taught to look for a husband in her own station—certainly for one much higher than a poor schoolmaster. Even without a rival, like the amber merchant, Dach had not an exterior to strike a girl who had very refined tastes.”

Latterly George had been turning his attention a good deal to the value of appearance, and trying to improve his own—a labor of love, in the literal sense, which still left a great deal to be accomplished.

“The dear old fellow!” George went on. “The amber merchant got the better of him altogether by hanging Annie over with beads that would make the Electress herself die of envy. It stands to reason that when a girl like her, who had a prosaic—very prosaic—soul, saw Waldstein's work-people, how many he could employ, that she worshiped the golden calf. Every one knows how she went down to see the men dragging in the nets, and the women sorting the seaweed to find the amber, and thus judged for herself. And the golden calf, the amber merchant himself, went to Leipzig fair, and brought her home Roman cameos, a Venetian mirror, and two pieces of Spanish lace; for he knew a woman's nature better. Dach only sang her a song, and thought it must surely touch her heart—that is, if she possessed one at all.”

And now Barbara was showing herself at the window, and her lace pillow, at which she worked, was placed upon the sill. As Neumarck watched her nimble fingers making the bobbins fly over and over each other, he dreamed of a possible future for herself and him. He was to make a great name in the world, and Barbara was to share it with him. Then she would be a lady, and work no more. Hanne, her sister, Janotha Tielke, and the other girls of the place, would be immeasurably beneath her when he removed her from the necessity of any more lace-making, except for pastime. On the score of birth George had nothing to fear, for his family ranked far above the Etterleins. If he could but win fame and achieve fortune, there would only be Barbara's heart to gain over, and while waiting for the first two he might as well be making way with the third.

Something unusual must be astir in the quarter. Several neighbors came out of their houses, and talked to Barbara through the window for some minutes. One came, another went, and so on, Barbara holding a kind of reception. Up to the dormer window came the sound of Barbara's voice—not that that was anything new, but the pleasure it gave her lover to hear it was always fresh. Barbara's tongue went as fast as her fingers—which is saying a great deal, for she prided herself on making her bobbins fly faster than any other girl in Hamburg. Only her poor tongue was less kindly used than her lace-work; for the latter she laid aside on Sundays and *fête* days, and the former had not had a single respite from labor since the hour in which she first learned its use.

In those uneventful days, before telegraphs and cheap newspapers came to keep households in chronic states of excited expectancy, a little event did a great deal of duty. One, two, three, four, five people came and went at Barbara's window while Neumarck watched; but when number six, in the person of the baker's apprentice, came, and did not go away like the rest, but remained talking on, with his elbows on the sill, looking very confidential, George's patience could hold out no longer. That pretentious young visitor was the last straw laid on the patient shoulders, and George, seizing his hat, rushed down-stairs and out into the street.

Not wishing to appear as if the window were the immediate object of his coming, he made a feint of going higher up, crossing over, and coming down on Barbara's side, close by the wall of Madame Etterlein's house. But Barbara was not so much engaged with either her lace or her visitor as not to take in George's movements thoroughly.

It was not until Neumarck came up and stood beside the man of loaves that the real value of his own appearance was borne in upon his mind. In laughing to himself over Simon Dach's pretensions, he never for a moment supposed that he himself cut no better figure.

Fritz Uttmann was dressed in his holiday clothes, which were of the very jauntiest description that social laws allowed of an apprentice wearing. He was got up for the occasion of this visit, even to a new bright blue ribbon tying back his long locks.

With sudden dismay George looked at himself, and was confounded. Holiday clothes he had not in his possession, and for a long time had been too poor to buy them, or even to save a little money towards their purchase.

After all, even where there were no amber merchants, rivals might abound.

He stood irresolute. He had come specially to interrupt and break up this conversation; suddenly the courage that first prompted him melted away. “Good-evening, Mademoiselle,” he stammered, removing his hat.

Now Barbara had not the very least pretension in the world to be addressed in this style. She was *bourgeoise* essentially, and was accustomed to hear her Christian name, without any prefix. But she liked it nevertheless; it was a form of flattery unknown to her until she made Neumarck's acquaintance. She used to feel excessive irritation when any of the old inhabitants spoke of Madam Tielke's daughter as Mademoiselle Janotha. It was merely an allusion to that far away time when the Tielkes were rich people, and old Madam received foreign guests from distant countries, speaking to them in their own languages.

It was Neumarck's one virtue in Barbara's eyes that he not only elevated her to the Tielkes' old rank, but actually addressed Janotha without any prefix whatsoever.

“How can you stay in-doors on an evening like this? You have no idea how beautiful the sunset is.”

“You are the seventh person who has asked me that same question,” she answered pertly, with a toss of her head. “Cannot a learned man like you think of something new to say, some remark to make not yet worn threadbare?”

And as she spoke she smiled sweetly upon the baker, who not only kept his place, but spread his arms out as far as possible on each side, so that not an inch of window-sill remained unoccupied of which George could take possession.

There was an awkward pause; neither of the men spoke, as doing so might give his rival some advantage. Then Barbara resumed the remarks she had been making when Neumarck came up, addressing herself to Uttmann only, and ignoring altogether the presence of her other admirer.

“The wedding is to be in two months' time, and the bride's clothes are to be trimmed with German lace—not a thread from France, I promise you. As to Flanders, only if nothing fine enough can be had in Germany are the Flemish girls to see a single rix-dollar of the King's money.”

“We have had quite enough of the French,” put in the baker, who secretly chafed under George's use of the word “Mademoiselle.” Said by George, with a courtly bow, it sat easily and gracefully. Uttmann dared not, as an apprentice, give himself airs. “We have had enough of them here, and I for one, not

wishing to bring back their soldiers, decline to welcome their merchants.”

“Are you not going this evening to the fountain?” Neumarck inquired timidly.

Barbara regarded him contemptuously, and gave her head the toss which she believed indicated sprightliness and spirit.

“I have just been telling my cousin that I have business on hand far too important to allow of my going out gadding like other girls. Hanne has gone. You will also find Janotha Tielke there this evening.”

In the colloquialism of the nineteenth century, Barbara had considerably snubbed her adorer. It scarcely required her to turn her attention after this exclusively to Uttmann for George to take the hint that he had had his dismissal. There was no other course open for him but to leave the enemy in possession of the field; so he turned away, leaving the baker victorious.

CHAPTER VI.

HANNE ETTERLEIN.

George did not care to go home again just then. On the table up in his attic lay that half-read letter of Simon Dach's, with that vein of truth running through its sentiments that irritated Neumarck more than an absolutely false statement would have done.

He turned his steps towards the Market Place, where stood a fountain, round which a group of girls clustered, gesticulating and talking eagerly among themselves. Some of them were those whom George had observed a short time previous pause before Barbara Etterlein's window and speak through it to her. Loudest of all tongues was Hanne's, Barbara's younger sister, who this evening had taken her sister's place in carrying home the domestic supply of water. In the distance, drawing near, Hanne descried the figure of their neighbor of the house opposite, and was not displeased.

One of the few favors ever bestowed by Barbara upon this admirer was that of permitting him to carry home her pitchers for her. Barbara never gave herself any trouble she could impose upon others; and in this matter she knew well that, far from it being a task, George looked upon serving her as a great privilege.

“Why,” said Hanne to herself, “should he not carry my pitchers as well as Barbara's? It seems to me that we are allowing other people as well as ourselves to suppose that there is only one person in the world worth paying attention to.”

So Hanne surrendered her pitchers with more than a willing mind, and George walked by her side back to the street in which they both lived.

“Yes,” she said, in answer to his question, “I am here to day instead of Barbara, and expect to be here many to-morrows as well. Barbara has set up as a fine lady, and as a first step she is going to preserve her hands by doing no house-work.”

“Why?” he asked.

“Have you not heard of her good fortune? Why, the news is all over the town, and the burgomaster's wife sent down to know the truth of the matter. The sisters up at St. Genevieve's counted on getting the order, and they will be mad with jealousy when they hear it has been given to Barbara.”

“What order?”

“Why, the lace order, to be sure! Well, you are up in the clouds, as Barbara says, up in that attic of yours. Did you not hear that Baron Rosenkrantz, the Swedish Ambassador, is to marry the neice of King William, and the lace postmen are out all over the country buying up lace for the wedding clothes. The betrothal is over, and the wedding is to take place very soon. The Baron has been in love a long time—ever since he came to the country—and is not inclined to wait. Wedding clothes cannot be got ready all in a day, as I dare say you know, and the postmen are at their wits' end to provide lace enough. There would not be time to finish the pieces if the order were only given now, so out of what the girls have half finished some lengths have been chosen, which are to be completed as quickly as possible. But Barbara has got the great order—thirty yards of geuse, Master Neumarck, all of the finest and the best.[*] Think of the handful of money it will be—rix dollars, no less—when it is paid for! If I could but see the faces of the sisters at the convent when the news reaches them! Your pious women, who set themselves up to be better than their neighbors, can be as spiteful as other people when it serves their turn.”

“But if your sister's work was not better than the nuns', she would not have been given the order.”

“It is a great deal better than theirs, though these old women pretend that it is not. It is this difference: Barbara works fashionably, quite up to modern times; the sisters have gone on doing the same thing for a hundred years. Barbara could make as much lace as would stretch all round the Market Place while the nuns would turn out a scrap the length of your finger. They would not let a lace cushion inside the gates for any consideration, and think it is a poor invention altogether. They make every scrap of lace on parchment with needles, and say that when we do not put in a single button-hole stitch we ought not to say we make lace. Sister Magdalen has gone nearly blind working with the fine thread that is spun under ground at Brussels. The dry air would make the thread break; and though it is so slight that you can hardly see it, Sister Magdalen works it in a half-lighted dark cave.”

Until bright eyes and rosy cheeks had disturbed the quiet of George Neumarck's life he had never given a thought to the subject of lace-making. Now it had become quite interesting, and he led Hanne on to tell him more of it.

“Know nothing of lace! Thought all lace was made on pillows! Why, where can you have lived all your life, not to know what every boy and girl in Hamburg knows? In the clouds, Barbara would tell you. The sooner you learn all about lace, the better, I can assure you, for there are fortunes to be made out of buying it and selling it again. If I were you, and could play the viol as you do, I would take it with me, and travel over the country as a lace postman. If you sang and played for the girls, they would give you their lace for half nothing. It would be buying for a song, in all truth. One wedding party, if you were up to good measures for the dancers, would nearly make your fortune. And at a convent, a few hymn tunes, and making the old mother abbess feel pious all over, as our mother does when you play to her, would put all the old point lace in the place into your bag. Did you never hear of the Italian princess who fell in love with a German laceman, and married him, and now he rides in a coach every day?”

Even this dazzling vision of possible greatness did not lead George Neumarck to contemplate a commercial life, unless, indeed, it were somehow mixed up with Barbara's. He made no reply to Hanne, who started again with her story on a fresh track.

“We were all brought up to be pillow-workers, we Etterleins, for we are descended from Barbara Etterlein of Nuremberg, who brought the Flemish secret into Germany.”

“Never heard of Barbara of Nuremberg! Well, I cannot think how you have escaped hearing of her. A hundred years ago, all the lace in these parts was made in the convents, in the slow old style to which the St. Genevieve sisters keep still; and they had stitches they kept secret, never teaching a nun until she had professed. We should not have had much chance of learning lace-work, unless a very coarse kind, if we had lived then, for we are Protestants, and don't take to convent life. Our ancestress, Nuremberg Barbara, married a miner, and went to live in the Hartz mountains, where the women knew nothing but to make nets for their husbands' hair. Barbara was convent taught, and could make fine lace, but she nearly lost her sight making net grounds with her needle, like the nuns. Her husband was rich, and kept servants for her out of foreign countries; quite like a Court lady she was. One of these girls had come from Brabant, and knew the whole secret of making net grounds on pillows, and also flowers, and joining them together. It was a bad day for Brabant that they drove that girl out, for she took their trade with her. Barbara Uttmann—she was Etterlein first, you know—got pillows, and set all the women to work making net grounds, and the lace grew till the money flowed in, oh! so fast, that the Uttmanns became richer than any of the Brabançons that ever were heard of.”

George's attention had begun to flag, when the name of Uttmann caught his ear. Was not the offensive young baker called by that name?

He roused himself to reply to Hanne, who, considering that she had been making herself exceedingly agreeable, or he would not have allowed her to go on without interruption, went on with her story once more.

“Barbara opened a shop at Nuremberg, and drove such a trade in lace as never had been heard of. She sent to Venice for Burano lace, and to Florence, and to Mechlin, and other places, for patterns, until she could make every kind of lace in the world. If you ever go to Annaberg you will see her tomb, and on it she is called ‘The benefactress of the Hartz mountains.’ Were you ever in Dresden? Then I suppose you saw the statuette of her that is in the museum, made of ivory? You did not! Why, it is being as ignorant as not knowing about lace.”

In seeking no point of interest in the history of lace-making, George Neumarck was not unlike many very estimable, nay, even many æsthetically-minded people in the present day.

China maniacs not unusually take to lace-collecting as one of the phases of their complaint, but George lived too near the time in which these manufactures were carried on, to be able to realize what they would look like at such a distance of time as we stand who buy up old lace more than two centuries later.

Only one part of Hanne's discourse took real hold of his mind, and that was when she told him how the point d'Alençon workers drew a long hair from their own heads and worked over it to make the edges of flowers firm. He found himself secretly wishing that this were the lace of Barbara Etterlein's handiwork, and not that geuse which we ask for in shops by its modern name of Torchon.

“And this Uttmann, the baker, did I understand you aright that he is your cousin?”

“That is merely a jest,” Hanne said. “His name is the same, and he makes it an excuse for coming every evening to make love to Barbara.”

“I wish I had only some such name,” George said with a sigh.

“You!” Hanne exclaimed, looking up at Neumarck, and allowing her eye to travel down until it reached his much-worn shoes, with their faded ribbon ties, from which all color had long since departed. “You!”

Then she added—

“But Fritz Uttmann is almost a gentleman! Look at his dress——”

She paused. Neumarck's fustian coat, once black, had assumed a variety of colors; in one place green, in another brown, in another gray, just as the stress of sun and weather had dealt more or less unkindly with it. The waistcoat had once been of colored cloth, laced and decked with ribbons, but the ribbons had disappeared, some of them having gone to replace worn-out shoe-ties. His breeches, instead of being full and ample, appearing to be of substantial material, had worn thin, and clung to his limbs as if ashamed of themselves. The stockings were coarse, and rudely repaired by the only hand that took an interest in their well-being—their master's.

This was the outer man that Hanne's eye took in, yet, when she looked in his face, something checked her in implying he was socially the inferior of Fritz Uttmann.

It was not the look of pain and mortification that spread itself over his face as he listened, for the Etterleins were not sensitive people themselves, and had no delicacy of feeling that made them hesitate to give pain.

But something undefinable made her hesitate to rank George as her inferior.

They had reached their own street, and when George saw the obnoxious baker still leaning upon the window-sill, he decided to go no further. Giving Hanne her pitchers when they came close to the house, he pleaded business, and hurried away, to get as far out of sight as possible of Barbara, the baker, and of his own room, on a table in which lay Simon Dach's words of prophetic warning.

CHAPTER VII.

BEWARE OF GENIUS.

If Barbara had been a young lady of the present day, she would have commented on the appearance George presented as he turned away in some such words as—

“What a guy he is!”

And he certainly bore a distant resemblance to a scarecrow off duty.

“Poor woe-begone creature!” the young baker said, insolently, looking after Neumarck, feeling elated at the superior position he had

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[*] See Appendix No. 3—“Torchon Lace.”

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himself succeeded in maintaining. "What is the good to the world of a fellow like that being in it? He is not even agreeable."

"He is a great musician," Barbara replied, assuming for the moment a tone of reverence, not unwilling to vex this lover also by unduly exalting his rival. "People say he is quite a genius."

"Then he cannot be very good for much," the baker answered. "This century is not made for geniuses. Where should we all have been, and who would have been our masters now, if Germany had turned out nothing but geniuses? We want something more practical; men of the Gustavus Adolphus type would be more in our way."

The young man spoke in an oracular tone, quite as if he were a counselor of state, or one of the ruling sovereigns.

"Genius will not give butter for the bread," struck in Hanne, joining in the conversation.

"No, nor the bread itself, so far as I know," the baker rejoined, not losing the opportunity of drawing attention to the superior position his own trade held.

"When I look at the Tielkes, then I say, 'Beware of genius,'" Barbara remarked. "All their misfortunes have come of their pretending to be more learned than their neighbors. Look at the sums of money that the old man squandered upon his instruments, as if all the kings of the earth were coming to buy them and play upon them. Tortoise-shell, ivory, fine rare woods, brass, silver, precious stones, and even gold, he used to ornament his lutes and viols with. Of course the money was all lost; he left his family nothing."

"Yes, he did," Hanne broke in again; "he left his granddaughter his conceit. Stuck-up thing! I hate her. She thinks herself too good to come down and work her lace with us, but sits out in a garden all by herself, making believe to be reading out of an Italian book."

"But Janotha sings divinely," said the baker, trying in his turn to arouse Barbara's jealousy. "In the evening, when she plays the lute and sings a slumber song, it is like hearing the nightingales. I often pass on the other side of the hedge myself, and stop to listen," he added critically, as if he considered himself to be a judge.

"Yes, and that is the side of the hedge on which I recommend you to keep," Hanne said viciously. "If you will only walk into the garden and listen to the music on the inner side, Janotha and her grandmother will give you reason to remember your visit. To see the airs that she gives herself at the fountain, as if we were all dirt under her feet!"

"My private opinion is," said Barbara, "that her lace is too bad to be seen, so she works out of sight. It would be long before an order came to her for bridal lace. The duchess would scarcely send to her for a fine piece, even though she may be a genius."

"Genius is always dull, as my experience shows," said Uttmann. "Look at the musician up there, for instance. He might be going out to be shot, the air he wears when he passes up the street."

"There may be reasons for that," pleaded Barbara, coquettishly, as if she were slightly responsible for his dolorousness, "and I grant you that some of his tunes are awful, enough to make you weep when you hear them. Mother likes the scrape, scrape, scrape of these airs. She says they make her feel pious and good all over."

"But he can occasionally be lively," Hanne said.

"Always at the wrong time," her sister answered. "Whenever I am so busy that I dare not lift my head from the bobbins, he plays so as I should like to dance. On holidays, when my work is put away, he is sure to be composing psalm tunes, and makes it like being at church all day."

There was a certain leaven of truth in Barbara's description. Not that it was to be taken literally, but as the case appeared to her.

When a woman is utterly indifferent, or, worse still, rather despises a man who adores her, it is not possible for him to do right in her eyes. The more he tries, the greater is his blunder. He can no more help doing stupid things than she can help being irritated by his manner of doing them.

Neumarck, had he but known it, might as well have given up the attempt to win Barbara. He had never had a chance, nor even would have one. Fate was determined to judge for him, and deny him the boon he desired so ardently. It was true kindness, but, mortal-like, he was too blind to see it in that light.

CHAPTER VIII.

JANOTHA TIELKE.

It still wanted an hour of the time for evening service when Neumarck was due at St. Jacobi's.* It was not so much the beauty of the evening that tempted him to stay out of doors, as a reluctance to go in to have the half-read letter of Simon Dach's to finish, and the irritating sight from the window of Barbara coquetting with the baker's apprentice opposite. The desire to punch Uttmann's head was growing stronger; so, to avoid temptation, he took his viol and went up the town towards the church, turning a little out of his way to call at Madame Tielke's cottage.

When Neumarck came to Hamburg, he found, as has been mentioned, the Tielkes nearly as poor as himself. Worse in one respect the young people were, for they had been denied the advantages of education they would have enjoyed had their parents lived. Joachim was learning to be a workman at the organ factory, but nothing more, for he had too little knowledge of the science of music, at least as much as was known in the seventeenth century of it, to take a good position under the Schnitkers. Until he knew Neumarck, he was a mere mechanic. In those days organ building was not, as it has been since, reduced to rule, and effects so nicely calculated that much of the work can be done by workmen unacquainted with a note of music. In the seventeenth century, instrument-makers were groping, as it were, after knowledge, each solitary worker toiling along after science, discovering the laws that governed his particular branch, with infinite pains, and under great difficulties.

For the future of music George Neumarck saw great things. It was for him as if no long thirty years' war had ever existed. He had taken up the study of the art where its professors in Germany had been compelled to lay it down because of internecine war; and with him the knowledge had grown and grown, until he had advanced far beyond the multitude in having an ideal standard that in his life-time was never likely to be realized. So far as the world in general was concerned, the music that George Neumarck wrote was essentially the music of the future.

In the two young Tielkes—brother and sister—the master had the most eager, enthusiastic, and painstaking of disciples. Joachim, impatient of his present position, gladly availed himself of the instruction that would enable him to rise from it, and be ready for a future which Neumarck assured him must come eventually.

In Italy, vocal music was becoming more difficult of intonation, and more various and intricate in its rhythmical forms. The aid of instrumental accompaniment became first a luxury, and afterwards a necessity. It was Germany that supplied the newly-created want. Not only bowed instruments—such as the viols that were the predecessors of violins and violoncellos—but the organ received its determining form in Germany.

With Joachim's sister it was somewhat different. Though the seventeenth century records here and there a learned woman as taking her share in the studies of the men of the age, she was exceptional. Girl graduates were undreamed of at that time, and no public career was open to women.

Therefore, Janotha's studies were with no view to a future, but an intense joy and pleasure in the present. Each day that she studied under Neumarck, some new truth, some strange beauty, was unfolded to her, and everything that was sweet in life, above the trials and worries of every day existence, was revealed to her through George Neumarck. Before he came, she could play prettily upon the lute, and sing simple little hymns to its accompaniment. But George taught her music itself, transferred her limited execution to a great world of the existence of which she had never previously dreamed. It was like Robert Schumann's advice to pianists—"Imagine your piano-forte to be, not a single instrument, but a whole orchestra."

Like the viol da gamba, the lute is only to be met with in museums, or in the pages of past history. Originally it had eight thin cat-gut strings, arranged in four, each pair being tuned in unison, so that its open strings produced four tones; but, in the course of time, more strings were added. The English lute, and probably the German also, of the seventeenth century, had twenty-four strings, arranged in twelve pairs, of which six pairs ran over the finger-board, and the other six by the side of it. The neck of the lute had frets, consisting of cat-gut strings, tightly fastened round it at the proper distances required for insuring a chromatic succession of intervals.

The lute was made of various sizes, according to the purpose for which it was intended in performance. The treble-lute was of the smallest dimensions, and the bass-lute of the largest. Performers struck the lute with the right hand and regulated with the left.

It would have been well for Janotha Tielke if her old grandmother could have forgotten the days of her departed greatness. If the quotation of a very hackneyed line could be permitted, it would be that one—

> "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The recollections of what she had lost embittered not only the existence of Madame Tielke herself, but of her granddaughter, who could not escape from the perpetual grumbling and the endless reminiscences to which she had to listen.

The heroine of fiction who submits to sudden poverty, adapts herself to it, and is picturesquely submissive without a murmur, must needs have been young. It is scarcely possible for one at the age of Madame Tielke to bear so sudden a change of life without giving way under it. People who have a constant battle to fight against poverty fall unconsciously into a depreciating state of mind, finding always something to take exception to in all the events of life, and especially to those people who have a leading or stirring part in them.

Madame Tielke had once thought highly of Providence and of His dispensations, and was pious in proportion to her approval of Him. He had done well when He made her husband a rich and clever man, who could give her a distinguished position, and surround her with every comfort in life. She liked her brocaded silk dresses, point-lace ruffs, and fine hoods; and she loved to be waited upon by servants with a ceremony unusual, in her day, for a woman in her rank of life.

But when her husband died first, and then her son, and her estate and its accessories passed away from her, taking all that was good out of life, poor old Madame suffered terribly.

All that she had looked upon as gifts from Providence had been, as it appeared, but loans, and she rebelled against being made to return them. It was, she considered, great injustice to strip her of all that made life tolerable. How far any of us would have been better, or acted more amiably, if in Madame Tielke's place, we cannot tell until the trial has been made. We might, in all likelihood, have found it quite as impossible as she did to say that He did all things well. On the contrary, Madame Tielke believed that there had been gross mismanagement somewhere, and nourished the deepest resentment in consequence, revenging herself by being excessively disagreeable to every one who appeared to be more comfortable than she was herself.

To George Neumarck alone old Madame was always gracious. He never failed in remembering her former estate, and approached her with the reverence due to the widow of the great Tielke, the greatest musical instrument maker in the world.

Seated in the little garden of the cottage was Janotha Tielke, when George Neumarck came up. Her lace-pillow was on her knees, her bobbins were moving backwards and forwards under thin, delicate fingers, not the least like Barbara's fat, red little hands. Janotha was pale and slight—a shadow compared to Barbara's plump, rosy substance.

"Any news, Janotha?"

"Yes, a great deal. There is a letter from Joachim, and what do you think?—he is going to Rome. It is quite true. The Abbe, the master's son, has written for him, and as soon as the organ for the Swedish Ambassador is finished, Joachim is to start. There is a letter for you, too," she added, putting down her pillow, and going in to fetch it.

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* They delight much in singing in their churches, which they constantly perform twice every day, morning and evening.—Carr's *Traveller in Hamburg*, 1688.

"It has all come through you," she said, returning. "You made Joachim a musician, and he is going at last to be a great man. I shall lose him," she continued, with a sigh; "and I do not know how I shall get on when I have no longer his coming home to look forward to; but it is for his good, and——"

She broke off, for George was devouring Tielke's letter to him.

"He wants me to go too," said George. "I would if I had the money; but I am poor, Janotha—poor as a rat, and poorer, for a rat pays nothing for the hole he lives in, and my landlord expects his money every seventh day."

Janotha looked up, a little dismayed. It was cruel to be glad George could not go to Rome, and yet how hard it would be to live on alone without him, and without Joachim either.

"The lace postman brought the letters. You will find Grandmother in a rare good humor to-night. The lace-man paid her such compliments, and said she had finer manners than the Queen."

"That was charming," George replied.

"She would have had her brocade and point-lace dress on if she had known that he was coming, but we are airing the Court-dress, ready for the next visit."

"And all this great windfall of good fortune—the order of lace for the Swedish Ambassador's bride—has none of it come your way, Janotha?"

"O yes," she answered; "but how did you hear of it?"

"Barbara Etterlein has got a great order—the wedding trimmings—Hanne tells me."

"Has she really?" Janotha said, with a tinge of professional jealousy. "That is very odd, for Barbara does not make fine lace, such as one would suppose a bride like the Ambassador's would wear; I should have thought that she would not have worn anything less than parchment lace—fine convent work."

"That is all I can tell you," said George; "but you can ask Barbara herself about it. She seems not unwilling to give her friends the information."

Janotha hesitated. Barbara was not precisely a friend of hers.

"Barbara seems to be very clever," George went on; "works very fast."

"Ah yes," Janotha assented, "very fast;" but she did not add that she considered that that was no certificate of the superiority of Barbara's work.

"Have you sold any to the Baron's lace-man?"

"Yes," she answered; "but I must ask you not to speak of it to any one, for I am being trusted with an order for Mechlin that no one is to be allowed to copy. The postman brought the parchment pattern to-day. I am going to begin it to-morrow. Only think, the design has come all the way from France! M. Colbert, the French Minister, is going to establish a lace school in Alençon; and Madam Gilbert is to be head mistress. Madam comes out of Alençon, and has been to Italy, and knows all about Venetian and Florentine lace. She is going to bring thirty workers out of Venice to make needle-point, which is, of course, far grander work than ours, for her lace will all be made with the needle, and ours is only bobbin. Madam Gilbert can draw patterns quite as good as Signor Vinciolo's. Oh, she is a good woman! But M. Colbert must not know about this design being given—it would be dreadful if the secret got out; but Mademoiselle, the niece of the Duke, was Madam Gilbert's pupil long ago when she was in Italy, and the pattern is a bridal gift."

It was as Janotha said. The Baron's agent had intrusted her with a special design that the bride-elect desired to have carried out.

"Mademoiselle has a fine taste, Madam," the agent said, for the Grandmother had made Janotha play and sing for the Baron's messengers who brought Joachim's letter. "Doubtless she works as delicately as she touches the lute, and she will be as true as her voice speaks her to be in preserving our secret. The bride means this lace as a gift for her bridegroom, and the design must by no means be allowed to get into the markets. Perhaps if Mademoiselle had herself a lover one of these days, the bride would permit her to make for him a bit of this dainty Mechlin lace, but on no account must it be ever sold. It is to be a love gift, and you will perceive that the knots of true lovers are cunningly wrought into the design."

Some months afterwards, Janotha took this jesting permission in earnest, and availed herself of it.*

CHAPTER IX.

CHILDHOOD—NOT A GOLDEN ONE.

When Hanne Tielke said that Janotha's grandfather had bequeathed her his conceit, she meant to imply that George's pupil had inherited certain instincts that, according to the laws of heredity, had developed themselves in her in spite of adverse circumstances and the absence of cultivation.

Old Tielke was a curious development of the age in which he lived. Later writers would have written him down as a student of the Renaissance.

All the events of this time turned upon religious differences; men were slaying each other in a vain attempt to prove by physical force the truth of Lutheranism or Calvinism, just as in Luther's time people ranged themselves on the side of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism. But the war between the two sects of Protestants was a thousand times bitterer, more bloody, less reasonable, than that between the Reformers and those who held to the older faith.

Both creeds were gloomy, and temporary successes did little to raise the drooping faith of the combatants. The indifferentism which seems to be the fashionable religion of our day, was impossible in Germany in the seventeenth century. A man must hold with either Lutherans, Calvinists, or Roman Catholics, and be able to give a reason for the faith that was in him, crying his shibboleth in a loud voice.

Probably old Tielke would not have been pronounced in his views but for his wife, who professed a creed essentially gloomy, and read in the smallest incidents of every-day life the signs of the times. In the misfortunes of her neighbors she always discovered judgments fallen for sins either of omission or commission; and she narrowed the list of the true believers, day by day, until the number of the elect bid fair to be alarmingly limited.

Her husband held with her in the main, practically, but he did not find quite enough in her creed to satisfy the cravings of an essentially artistic temperament. He was no uncommon type of the student of that time, who sought a relief from gloomy subjects in classic studies. He would have held Christianity as a religion of joyousness had he been permitted to do so; but, circumstances and his wife's gloomy temperament being against him, he took refuge in the supernatural, or rather the mythical, finding in the old stories in the mythologies an interest and a refuge from sad thoughts, a change of ideas, a kind of inspiration for his work, to an extent of which he himself was scarcely aware.

When he arranged the decoration of one of his instruments, he never thought of going to the Bible for his suggestions—possibly he held the book in too great veneration to do so—but he selected subjects represented by gods and goddesses, so divine in their strength and power, so human in their loves and hates, and in their lawless and irresponsible lives so utterly diverse from the gloomy experiences that were forced upon himself.

All this grieved the old Madam terribly, all the more that her son followed after his father rather than after her, and exaggerated his little weakness for poetic myths and heroines, whose morality Madame Tielke held in doubtful estimation. When young Tielke made a lute as a wedding gift to his bride, the mother of Janotha and Joachim, and inlaid it with mythological subjects, his mother shook her head, and prophesied evil would come of it. She pointed to the great coffer of chestnut wood that stretched along one wall of her kitchen, that had been her wedding gift. It was beautifully carved on all sides, even the back, which no one was supposed to see. But old Tielke had considered no amount of carving too good for it, just as her son, in his turn, recklessly beat out silver and gold to inlay the lute that was to be his masterpiece. The chest had compartments along the front, in which stood figures of the Twelve Apostles; at the corners stood the winged beasts mentioned in Ezekiel, and at the ends two of the Four Evangelists.

Thus Madam asserted that her God-fearing husband had done well for his household, and she managed to retain the chestnut coffer as a kind of talisman against evil all through the wreck of her fortunes.

As a little girl, Janotha had been given a lute by her grandfather, and her mother's beautiful one fell to her by inheritance; so she was well provided with musical instruments when George Neumarck came to Hamburg and constituted himself her teacher.

Madame Tielke had carefully guarded her granddaughter from eating of the forbidden fruit of the tree of knowledge, of which her father and grandfather had partaken. The old myths, in the full acquaintance with which other German children had grown up, were kept from Janotha. Those harmless old stories, of which our "Cinderella," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Puss in Boots" are representatives, were never alluded to in her hearing, and the sacred narratives contained in the Bible were supposed to be quite enough for any girl of her age.

Thus it was, that when George Neumarck came and taught her other things, unfolded new interests, opened up larger worlds of thought, old as well as new, that existed, or were supposed to have existed, outside her experiences, the soul of her father and his father awoke within the breast of Janotha Tielke. How eagerly she drank in all the new knowledge! How she fitted it in and adapted it to her own modes of thought, and made a new life out of it for herself!

Even her lute, when the exigency of bread-earning prevented her using it, lay near enough for her to look at, trace out the stories it showed upon its surface, and imagine for herself what her father had said when he worked upon it, and the language in which the lessons to her mother were conveyed.

It needs no knowledge of the conventionality of the world of fiction, only a little looking round and recalling one's experience of life, to know to what all this tended. It was George who held the key, had turned the lock, and opened the gate that admitted Janotha into this kingdom of mind. Therefore he ruled there a sovereign. No matter what happened—whether he went to Rome or staid at Hamburg—he had changed Janotha's world for her, and it could never be the same place, nor life so dreary, as it had been before he came into it.

For some days after the eventful visit of the lace postman Janotha did not see George. There were no particular services in St. Jacobi's that week for which the full choir was required, and George took the opportunity of going out to the Organ Builder's Box, as the Schnitkers' place was called, to make inquiries as to Joachim Tielke's visit to Rome, and ascertain if there would be any prospect for his own advancement if he too turned his steps towards the Eternal City. He had, in truth, a lurking hope that the Abbe, whose acquaintance he had made some time previously, might possibly have occasion for his services as a musician at Rome, and invite him to join Joachim and go there.

As far as the immediate object of his journey was concerned, George met only disappointment. He would have felt it more keenly, but on his return home, occupation awaited him that occupied him fully for several days. It was not the highest class of work, not exactly the kind that would make him a name, and hand down his fame to distant posterity, but it kept the wolf from the door, so its rewards were more immediate.

An old Jew who had purchased all that remained of old Tielke's instruments when the last member of the firm died, had a shop in the High Street. He was no musician himself, so was glad to avail himself of George's skill in regulating and repairing his stock, and any other instrument that fell into his hands.

The lace for the Ambassador's bride made fair progress. When George, on his way home, stopped before Barbara's window, she exhibited, with much pride, her piece of work, showing how it had grown in his absence. Nor did she omit to drop a few mysterious hints of having been specially favored by the great people whose order she was executing. George received all her intelligence with respect, and being gifted with the imaginative faculty, filled in the little outline she gave him. He thought it only natural that Barbara should be an object of worship; only, as he offered her his congratulations, he felt a little sore that good fortune should come to her from hands other than his. He would have preferred her living on in the seclusion of her mother's house, until he could take her away from it. Court officials he rather mistrusted; but if they had come to know her through him—to know her upon the pinnacle of greatness on which he had placed her—it would make all the difference in the world.

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* See Appendix No. 4—"Mechlin Lace."

Poor Janotha had not passed the time of George's absence so pleasantly. The Mechlin lace for the Baron's bride grew slowly, for her grandmother had had a slight stroke of paralysis that confined her to bed, and the attendance upon the invalid, with the additional house-work that fell to Janotha to do, retarded the progress of the pillow-lace. Unless it was turned out beautifully clean, the lace-man would decline to take it, or else at a price so low that it would scarcely pay for the materials. Yet, never was money more required than now for household expenses, especially as every neighbor with experience of cases like her grandmother's told Janotha that it was doubtful her ever being able to leave her bed, or help in the work of the house.

Every coin that Janotha earned went for necessaries. She dared not give herself a new dress so long as the old one would hang together, and as to a ribbon, or any of those little accessories which in that century, as in the present one, give an air of lightness and grace to a girl's dress, Janotha had never had them.

She had her fits of longing, as a girl of her age would have who had all instincts of the beautiful strong within her, and striving for utterance, but hard fortune repressed and stifled them. Her life was, in fact, a stern one, not so much for its poverty literally, as for its poverty in all pleasure, and the absence of all sympathy, or even the acknowledgment that every hour of her life was a sacrifice.

Ungenerous natures always spur the willing horse; it is discipline easy to inflict, and pleasant to the one who administers it; also it yields immediate results.

Janotha might, after the experience of these best years of her life, have become hardened to the perpetual lecturing, having her youth quoted as if it were an outrage on society, and her inexperience magnified until it suggested there had been commission of crime.

With Barbara all circumstances were exactly the reverse. Her mother had no greater pleasure than to see her daughters decked out in finery, and worked hard herself in order to allow them to spend a great part of their earnings on their dress. To Janotha, a dance was forbidden as an eighth deadly sin, a snare of the Evil One; while Barbara and her sister never missed taking part in any one held near enough to their home for them to be present at it.

Barbara always had admirers. Hanne, too, had her share, and did not hesitate to make the first advances if her partners were shy, advances that Janotha would have died rather than initiate.

Even if her grandmother had permitted it, Janotha was too shy to make new acquaintances; and the old residents, who remembered her father and mother, regarded her as a young lady rather above them in rank, and not one to be made love to, like Barbara Etterlein, whose manners and position were similar to their own.

While Barbara and her sister would be enjoying a wedding party or a holiday fête Janotha would be at home, listening to the unceasing grumbling of her grandmother, who was never satisfied with anything done for her, never admitted virtue in others or fault in herself, and cared only to talk of grievances.

When Barbara was footing it merrily with the partners of her choice, Janotha would be at home, bending over her lace pillow, or only putting it down to perform some personal or domestic service, for the manner as well as matter of which she was certain to be harshly reproved.

CHAPTER X.

THE POET'S WOOING.

An able commentator upon Milton, speaking of the poet's first love, tells us how, in London, among the crowds of goddesses that thronged the ways, one pre-eminent over the rest sent, at a glance, unaccustomed pain into his heart." "I inly burn in love," he cries; "I am all one flame."

To this the critic adds—"The rhetorical elegy that tells this story and dwells on his passion makes us feel that there was nothing in it."

This happened in the seventeenth century, but it was earlier in it that George Neumarck lived, so we may conclude that scholars were affected under similar conditions in much the same way. What our commentator would have thought had he seen George Neumarck in his attic, the evening after he returned from the Organ Builder's Box, finishing the verses he had previously commenced addressed to Barbara Etterlein, it would have been difficult to say. If rhetorical eloquence were to be taken as a proof of the ungenuineness of George's passion for his opposite neighbor, then the fervor of his declaration left not a single foot of ground to stand upon.

It was as if Simon Dach's warning, instead of warding off a crisis, had hurried it on. It was not the effect that the Professor of Poetry had intended; but it is always easier to spoil the horn, as the proverb says, than make the spoon.

George had returned from the Organ Builder's Box in rather better spirits than usual. As he told Janotha, when he went to see her, old Schnitker had been more than usually kind and gracious to him.

"In truth, Janotha," he said, "I was rather glad to get away, for I was not really doing work that was value for the money he paid me. You can imagine how very uncomfortable you would feel in taking payment for what you had not done, money at the rate of wages for services rendered, when you had actually done nothing to deserve them. Now would not you feel the same?"

"It is so exceedingly improbable that it would ever come into my experience," Janotha said, laughing. "It is quite the other way with me, for often when I have worked very hard, to the full extent of my strength, I cannot get my money. No one overpays me, I can assure you."

"I did little the whole day long but play the viol to the old man and his workers; and yet not good music, such as would be improving for the men, but something little better than merely twanging the strings. I do not like to take money for that."

"I should not feel at all uneasy about taking old Schnitker's money. You know he is sure to have value for it out of you somehow. Now if the son, the Abbe, were there—he is a great man in every sense of the word."

"You do not like the father," said George, "and you go with the crowd in always flinging a stone at him when you have an opportunity. Yet he was very kind, and, when I was coming away, threw out mysterious hints of a journey I was to take soon. If only it would be to Rome!"

In the present day the muse of an ardent wooer is but little taxed. He needs only to drop into the nearest fancy stationer's shop, decide upon the pecuniary value of his offering, and have it handed him across the counter, beautifully emblazoned in gold and many colors.

In the seventeenth century nothing could be offered but original verses. Every man with any pretensions to scholarship penned sonnets to his mistress's eyebrows as a matter of course. It was true that every period and country did not produce Petrachs and Dantes; but neither were they required, so far as the lady-loves were concerned. The German maiden to whom George Neumarck addressed his verses would not have appreciated anything very high, and George's verses were quite enough for her, being very plain in their expressions of admiration.

One advantage that period possessed over our present one was in permitting the poet to break out into verse at any time that the strength of his passion took the rhetorical form. He need not look for the month of February, for Christmas, or Easter, or even a natal day to present the illuminating card; all seasons were propitious to his offering.

What result George expected from sending this ode to the rosy-faced lace-girl it would be impossible for us to conjecture, or what he intended that the next stage of his wooing should be; but he felt constrained to write, and write he did.

Could Simon Dach but have known to what use the outside wrapper of his letter would be put he would have shed tears over it, and rather refrained from offering any advice than have put such a dangerous instrument into Neumarck's hands.

It was a fair sheet of paper, of excellent quality, far superior to any a man in George Neumarck's present circumstances would be likely to purchase, for paper was far from cheap in those days. There was no inscription upon the paper but the name of the university and the seal of the society to which both men belonged, with George's *nom de plume*—The Dark Brown Pink, and a motto signifying "useful and entertaining."

Nothing could better have served the poet's purpose. He folded up his own verses, and wrapped them in this fair, clean cover, tying the packet round with the same silk braid that had bound Dach's letter to him.

Guileless Simon Dach! Could he but have anticipated such a destiny for his string or for his wrapper!

The mode of delivery had been long before decided upon. In that quarter of the town, where the inhabitants were all friendly, honest, orderly people, very little bolting and barring of doors and windows was done at night. When all the inhabitants of the street were asleep, and lights had been for some hours extinguished, Neumarck stole down the stairs of his house and out into the street.

It was easy to push back the lattice of Madam Etterlein's window a little wider than the warm July night had demanded, and drop in the roll of paper, making it fall on the seat upon which Barbara usually sat when she worked her lace-pillow—that is to say on the days on which she did not grace the hall-door step by her presence. When Neumarck elected Barbara to the pedestal of a goddess, and made the place at which she sat daily a shrine at which to come and do homage, it did not occur to him to inquire particularly into her qualifications for supporting so elevated a position. He was at that stage of blindness that all he could see of Barbara was through rose-colored glasses that magnified as well as colored her attractions.

In his university life George had had little experience of young ladies' society. Janotha Tielke was the first with whom he had friendly relations, and he did not think of her mental acquirements as being at all exceptional. That Barbara should never have had instruction in the three R's did not occur to his mind as the least likely, or probably he would not have addressed her upon paper; Janotha could read well in her own language, and even knew a little French and Italian, and George had never quite realized how great was the social and educational gulf that lay between the Tielkes and him on one side, and the Etterleins and their associates on the other. Had Barbara ever admitted him upon a very friendly footing in her mother's house, the fact would have forced itself upon his observation, but he had enjoyed no such opportunity.

When he pictured Barbara's eyes resting on his handwriting, he did not know that it would have been quite as intelligible and interesting to her if she had been asked to decipher an Egyptian inscription.

Barbara's surprise and bewilderment on finding her lover's missive next morning may well be imagined. She untied the braid, and gazed with mingled awe and curiosity at the wrapper on which was impressed the university stamp, and then at the long lines of words in which her opposite neighbor had poured out to her all his soul.

Her mind had been for some time past so entirely possessed by the grand order given to her for bridal lace, and so convinced was she that the selection of her for the honor was indisputable evidence of her superiority over her companions, that she at once connected the mysterious paper with the lace order.

"Perhaps," she said, "it is an invitation to Court—who knows? Or the bride may wish to see the lace in progress, or——" and Barbara's fertile brain immediately devised a dozen different contents as possible for the letter, each one grander and more exalted than the previous one.

The morning had advanced nearly to noon before Barbara could leave the house to find for herself an interpreter. In the meantime, she had given vague hints to several of her neighbors that some great good fortune for her was impending; and the least that any one supposed possible was that she had had a summons to Court when the great wedding should come off.

"I shall not ask any one at St. Jacobi's," said Barbara to herself. "If I did, that stuck-up Janotha Tielke would be sure to hear of it, and I won't give her the gratification of knowing I have had to find a reader. I have not yet recovered from her impertinence in offering to lend me a horn-book, and help me to letters. All the same I wish I could read this myself; but I shall not ask her help. I suppose every one at Court reads. I shall be obliged to tell them that my lace requires all my sight, and I dare not injure it by reading books. Nor shall I go to the sisters at St. Genevieve's—no, not I. If it be about more lace, or any great piece of luck, they would be asking a share of it in return for their services. No; I shall go to St. Catherine's, and ask the Sacristan. The St Jacobi folk and the St. Catherine's are so jealous about their music, and each so anxious to be considered the first, that they are not on very friendly terms; so Janotha will never hear that I have been there. Yes, that is what I shall do."

CHAPTER XI.

BARBARA SEEKS AN INTERPRETER.

Barbara's interpreter was well chosen, for the Sacristan of St. Catherine's was, comparatively speaking, a man of letters.

In the sweetest and humblest way the young woman told her story—that is to say, the one she had composed as she came along. She added also a little compliment upon the well-known abilities of the Sacristan, saying she knew that there was no one in Hamburg who could be compared with him as to learning.

The Sacristan was a good deal puzzled by the incident. There was no question but that the verses were addressed to Barbara, but her ignorance of the writer he could scarcely understand. He told her that her correspondent was one of the great poetical Brotherhood of Königsberg, whose songs were sung all over Germany. The Volkslied, Ænnchen von Tharaw, was written by the Professor of Poetry at the University himself, and each of these scholars had taken as a name that of some particular flower—one being Orange Lily, another Red Rose, and so on. The Dark Brown Pink, he assured her, was one of the best known, quite a scholar, and he rather thought he lived at Dantzig. So modest had been George Neumarck during the time of his residence at Hamburg, that no one but Janotha Tielke was aware of his identity with the Dark Brown Pink of Königsberg.

Barbara was elated almost to intoxication with the Sacristan's information. This was, indeed, a tribute to her charms wholly unexpected. Where the Pink could have seen her she did not know, but that he had fallen in love with her there was no reason to doubt. She had scarcely sufficient presence of mind to thank the Sacristan as he gave her back her letter; and it was with an effort she concealed the surprise his intelligence was to her.

"You have made a conquest, Barbara," said the Sacristan, after once more reading over the verses to her. "And what a shy little puss you were never to have told any of us about it! Well, he is a gentleman and a scholar, no mistake about both those points. I have tried my muse at poetry, but I never could turn out my verses with such a good finish as do these Königsberg gentlemen. I can generally manage a good beginning, and sometimes I am so fortunate as to make a good middle, but that is rarely. My poem has generally a good beginning, and a good ending, but the middle is weak; it makes me think of a wasp's body, Barbara, the two parts connected, and no more. Well, when you see this gentleman, will you be so good as to tell him what I think of his verses? He will be glad to have my commendation of them; I dare say he knows my name."

"Oh, certainly!" cried Barbara, with one of her characteristic tossings of her head. "No doubt he is very well acquainted with your scholarly reputation; but I shall not forget to mention it, if there should be a good opportunity in the conversation. But you know you cannot expect to write like the Königsberg scholars; why, they are the greatest poets in the world, Master Schmidt."

When Barbara thanked him, with a good deal of condescension of manner, as if she had conferred rather than received a favor, the Sacristan regarded her with a good deal of secret amusement.

As she walked away, he looked after her doubtingly.

"No, no," he said to himself, "you do not take me in, Fraulein Barbara. You have not told me the truth about this matter. You are up to something, but what it is I cannot make out. The idea of the Dark Brown Pink falling in love with you and writing you verses is too much for my belief. I can take in a good deal, for the world is a queer place, and the unexpected always happens, but I keep to probabilities so far as I can. I know the Etterleins well, they were always tricky people, and she has deceit in her blood. There is neither beginning nor ending to the stories an Etterlein can tell, and this young one can do more than her share in keeping up the family reputation. She will not be far behind her mother in romancing, or I am greatly mistaken. This is nearly as good a story as the one they try to make us believe about the ancestress who taught the German girls pillow-lace, one word of which I do not believe—never did. You do not take me in, Barbara Etterlein."

No more lace-making that day for Barbara. While George was watching from his attic window for her apearance as usual upon the door-step, Barbara was calling upon her acquaintances, and showing them the verses.

As to Janotha, it was quite a different matter calling upon her now to what it had been when Barbara set out in the morning. In fact, it might be a good thing to do; for, as Janotha rather assumed airs of scholarship, a little taking down, and being shown that there were other people in the world of whom scholars thought a great deal, might do her good.

It was not at all unusual for the young people of the place to ask Janotha's aid in matters where a superior education was required. It was always readily given, and Barbara, who had but seldom need for such help, found herself now imperatively called upon to ask Janotha to read her verses for her.

"If you are not too bnsy to spare me the time, Janotha, I wish you would read me these verses," she said, putting her head over the hedge of Madam Tielke's garden, and addressing Janotha, sitting behind it with her lace-pillow upon her knees. "If your grandmother is having her forty after-dinner winks I shall come round, but if she is going about I dare not. The last time I was here, she told me not to come back again until she sent to ask me. I suppose it is to exclude people like me that you keep the gate locked?"

"She is never able to go about now," Janotha answered; "but I shall see that she cannot want me for some time, and then open the gate."

Having carefully put away her lace-pillow, that her work might not be seen, Janotha returned to her visitor.

"I wish you could find that shoe-buckle of grandmother's, Barbara, and return it to her. She never ceases talking about it, and the loss of it has vexed her greatly. I used to be allowed to wear her silver clasp, but now she will not lend any ornaments, and says that she has taken warning by the buckles she lent you."

"She is a most tiresome old person," Barbara replied, "and she may as well stop talking about that buckle, for she is not likely to ever see it again. What can an old creature like her want with silver shoe-buckles? One would suppose she were going off to some dance to-night. She is too absurd, Janotha. As to you, with your mother's gold ones, you are fully provided."

"If you would only tell her what became of it, it would go a good way towards satisfying her, but she thinks you have it, and will not give it back to her. You know, Barbara, that we are great people at treasuring up our grievances, and we are always bringing them out and airing them. If you only knew the relief it is to get rid of even one unpleasant theme, I am sure you would gladly help me to reduce our stock even by one. Did you lose the buckle on the way home? Or, perhaps," Janotha added, pleasantly, "you gave it to some one as a keepsake?"

It was a suggestion that came in usefully just then to Barbara. It would be necessary to account for receiving the verses in some way, and here was a little matter might be thrown in—just a make-weight, as it were.

"Perhaps I did, perhaps I did not," she answered, simpering. "Little incidents crop up from time to time in one's life in spite of one's original intentions, and one cannot be taken to task for everything that happens. In my case, Fate stepped in and I was not responsible. I can say no more just now. And really, Janotha, I cannot be troubled by your old grandmother any more about a paltry silver buckle. At present my mind is wholly engaged with more important concerns. The only reason I am sorry Madam Tielke has chosen to be so disagreeable, is that I have an idea I may be going on a journey shortly to mix with very high folks, and a loan of her brocade dress with the point-lace trimmings would come in very usefully."

Janotha uttered a cry of astonishment at Barbara's audacity. The idea of a girl in Barbara's rank of life lifting her eyes to the priceless old silk dress!

"You might as well ask her to give you the roof from over her head," she replied.

"Of course, I expected as much," said Barbara, in an aggrieved voice. "It is just like her. If I had had the drawing up of the Peace of Westphalia, I would have inserted some clause bearing on old women, obliging them to keep themselves quiet. Liberty is all very well, but it ought to be kept within proper bounds when old women pass a certain age. However, it does not matter about the dress. It is just possible that I may be in a position to have one provided for me when I require it. But what I have come about is a letter I want you to read for me, Janotha. Poets write such peculiar hands it requires one to be accustomed to them."

They were inside the garden, and sitting side by side upon a bench. Barbara spoke lightly, handing to Janotha George Neumarck's verses. She made the request carelessly, as if the affair were an every-day matter, and she was accustomed to have verses sent in regularly, just as the bells of St. Catherine and St. Jacobi's churches rang out chimes.

CHAPTER XII.

A BARBED ARROW.

An impression prevails among women, and passes current with them for a fact, that every man is prone, more or less, to falling in love with a woman who is unsuited to him; or, as they put it, he takes the wrong woman. That men do make the strangest choice of helpmeets in this bewildering world is true enough to give rise to this opinion.

Poor Janotha! For a moment she was silent, looking at the paper Barbara placed before her. She glanced down from verse to verse, taking in the meaning of each one, and from her knowledge of the writer, understanding him better, a thousand times, than Barbara—shallow-hearted, illiterate Barbara—could possibly have done. The handwriting also was so familiar that she could not question the genuineness of the sentiments.

"Go on," said Barbara, imperiously. "I do so much want to know what it is all about; though," she added, "I have a general idea of the matter. Is it too difficult for you? I dare say you are not often asked to read poetry, and this, I know, is a very high style. When a scholar who is distinguished writes, he never descends to common language."

The age of martyrdom is never past, at least for women. When Janotha recognized the handwriting, her heart gave one great throb, and then seemed to stand still. She felt as if all the blood in her body were running the wrong way, and trying to reach her head. To speak at all seemed to be a difficulty, but to answer Barbara calmly was a physical impossibility. George had centered his hopes of happiness upon one so immeasurably his inferior, that even Janotha, herself but imperfectly educated, shrank from her companionship. All in one moment flashed back upon her mind recollections of little incidents that had occurred lately, when George had been odd in manner—*distrait*, as our French neighbors would say—yet was lively and interested when the Etterlein family became the subject of conversation.

Poor George Neumarck! It was a case of infatuation. He had staked his whole happiness upon one great throw. In her hand she held the proofs of it, and it was quite possible that to win now would mean the loss of all his life—of his whole future.

"Cannot you read it?" Barbara commenced again. "I dare say that I can help you a little with it, for, though I do not set myself up as a person of great learning, still, when one has a fair guess of the sentiments, it is not so very difficult to piece the lines together."

Janotha rallied her courage. She read the verses all through, from the first line to the last, Barbara affecting to listen with rapt attention.

"It is very nice," she remarked at the close; "just what I expected. Of course a man's meaning is much plainer when he puts it in conversation; but, taking the whole affair as it stands, there is a very plain declaration to be had out of it."

Janotha was too much stunned to reason upon this assertion. Of course George had been making love to Barbara, or she would not speak after this manner. Doubtless it was to George that she had given the grandmother's silver buckle.

"Then"—she hazarded the question—"you know all about the Dark Brown Pink?"

"I should hope so," Barbara replied scornfully. "Poets are not quite so plentiful as blackberries, that they can be picked off every hedge. Yes, I flatter myself that I can recognize a poet when I meet one, and appreciate it when he pays me a compliment. I confess, however, that I like poets that are first-class—real ones, like those from Königsberg. Janotha, if you wish to know what I think of the Pink, he is, in every respect, my Pink of Perfection."

To Barbara there was peculiar, most intense pleasure in asking Janotha to read her letter.

A declaration made in prose would have been a triumph, but when it took a poetical form, appealing so strongly to Janotha's refinement and appreciation of what was scholarly, Barbara's superiority to her neighbor was thereby asserted too decidedly for questioning. After this, Janotha was to be satisfied to hold an inferior position, and admit, considerably in advance, it might be, the fact of Barbara's having risen in the world.

Having prattled for some time longer, and put Janotha through the mental torture of reading the verses again several times, Barbara took her leave, and Janotha sat down once more to her lace-pillow, to think over what she had just heard. Once or twice before she had seen the shadow of a great fear; now it had become a terrible certainty.

Not for a moment did Janotha suspect that Barbara's assumption of knowledge of her admirer was feigned, and that she was totally ignorant of George's identity with the Dark Brown Pink. Doubtless he had confided to Barbara, as he had done to Janotha, how that he was the modest poet whose verses were so well known in all the literary circles of Germany.

George's songs used to be welcomed among scholars, and talked about, just as we in the present day are critical over the last poem from Tennyson; and great ladies were as anxious to be able to say that they were acquainted with Neumarck's songs as girls are now to be credited with a knowledge of Brahm, Raff, and Liszt.

That people in general knew him to be a poet George took for granted, neither proclaiming nor concealing the fact. Perhaps a little self-assertion would have been better, as the world is said to take us all pretty much upon our own valuation. But George was too high-minded to stoop to this. Society in the seventeenth century resembled, in some respects, the society of the nineteenth, that believes in greatness that is successful, and has all the outward and visible signs of superiority. The utterances of poor and obscure people can have little value, and the mistake they make is in expecting too much from ultra-civilized fellow-creatures.

When George sent a new set of verses to Königsberg, they were presented in form to the society at one of its meetings; and when Dach read them aloud, glasses were clinked, and his memory uproariously toasted as one of their greatest men.

All this time the man himself was working hard to keep body and soul together, and successful to this extent only—mending violins, dulcimers, and lutes, teaching pupils when he could get them, and having a very small salary as a gambist in the choir of St. Jacobi's Church.

To say that Janotha was grieved, would be a wrong term to use; to say she was angry, would be worse still. George had been her divinity and her highest ideal of manhood, all in one. To him she had looked up as some creature immeasurably above her—as far beyond her mentally as were the stars in the firmament materially. It was not that she loved him so much, as that she worshiped him blindly and unquestionably, thinking it a great privilege to do him the smallest of services without thought of a return.

Possibly she vaguely thought of him some day as falling in love, as other men did, and marrying; but then the woman of his choice must be more nearly goddess than woman. She must have also an earthly estate as well—one commensurate with George's great deserts.

But Barbara!—Barbara Etterlein, with only two rosy cheeks, two cold blue eyes, and some flaxen hair to recommend her—beauties which, as hundreds of her countrywomen resembled her, were not exceptional. She was not even truthful, as Janotha, looking back upon various incidents in Barbara's childhood, mournfully said to herself—not even honest. Little did Janotha think that much of the sting Barbara's visit had left behind came of the absence of this first of virtues.

To think of the wealth of George's love, glorified by his genius, being lavished upon a vulgar, illiterate girl like Barbara, who could not appreciate the nature of the man she had to deal with! Yes, it was true, men do fall in love with the wrong woman—oftener than with the right.

At first Janotha marveled; then, having taken it in, she came to pity him with a great yearning pity, as a woman feels for a child who has fallen and hurt itself, and she runs to take it up.

It was a kind of grown-up motherly yearning over him—sorrow for the results likely to accrue from taking this false step.

But what a dreadful descent George made in this one hour from the pedestal on which she used to keep him! Dagon was fallen. No more could the perfect image stand up, and she creep blindly to its feet in adoration. It was the stump she saw, and it was not a picturesque object to worship.

It was the fruit of the tree of knowledge that had that day passed her lips, and she awoke to a consciousness of her own nature and of George's—the latter being something lower than a few days before, living on enchanted ground, she could have comprehended as possible.

Just at first it is not easy to divest a god of the divine attributes. Janotha did not feel inclined to take her idol, like a South Sea Islander, and beat and knock it about for its shortcomings; but she did not feel that allegiance was possible to the sovereign of Barbara Etterlein.

Married people tell half jestingly, whole earnestly, of the period after marriage when knowledge of the prosaic side of each other's characters begins to come. It was something of this that came to Janotha. George to her was still the first and best of friends, the noblest of natures, the grandest of geniuses; but he was human now, whereas before he had been divine.

It was a small drop in her cup of discomfort, but it was concentrated essence of discomfort that her grandmother that evening again took up the subject of the missing shoe-buckle. Possibly from her bed she had caught some tones of Barbara's voice out in the garden, and the association of ideas had brought to her mind the lost trinket. All that evening, and all through the night when she woke up, she talked of the silver buckle, and Janotha, listening weariedly to her, concluded that it had been bestowed upon George Neumarck as a love token.

"He must never be allowed to hear Grandmother," Janotha said. "Doubtless the possession of it is making him very happy, so he must not be disturbed. I am glad he has it, but I wish Barbara had given him something of her own, and not of ours."

It is one of the pointed arrows that intensify great troubles that petty annoyances come in their train, depriving sorrow of its nobility, of a grandeur that has power to heal even while it hurts. The missing buckle was, as George Eliot would put it, "one of a small series of daily annoyances, not one of the great sorrows, those terribly transforming griefs, that have a sacramental efficacy upon the soul."

CHAPTER XIII.

BARBARA DREAMS OF THE FUTURE.

When a man chews the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, the latter is often too much in the ascendant for the peace of the former.

While Barbara was calling upon her friends, and showing them the letter she had received, George was looking out of his attic window, wondering what had became of her, why she was not at her work. The bridal lace was too important an order to be laid aside for holiday-taking, or any other interest but going to church. So it was inconceivable where Barbara could be. George tormented himself with all manner of suppositions. She could not be ill, for the business of the household seemed to go on as usual, Hanne and her mother passing in and out, and exchanging gossip with the neighbors. The simplest solution of the problem would have been to go down, cross over, and ask Hanne where her sister was; but George shrank from putting questions to any one but Barbara herself, the great one—had she received his letter?—taking precedence of all others. He had never sounded the depth, or rather the shallowness of Barbara's nature, or he might have found out a solution of the mystery without giving himself much trouble.

It was not for several days after this that Neumarck found an opportunity of speaking to Barbara Etterlein, and it would have been much for his happiness if that opportunity could have been deferred for a much longer time. Nothing could be colder, even amounting to rudeness, than Barbara's reception of him. She all but shut the lattice of the window in his face when he came forward; and not even the propitiatory word, "Mademoiselle," with which he commenced to address her, gained for him a hearing. The rebuff was too decided, as administered to a sensitive man like Neumarck; and, feeling convicted of at least a crime, he turned away. If she had given him even one moment to sum up his courage, he would have made her an apology for sending the verses; but the interview was over before the idea of asking forgiveness occurred to his mind.

Had Neumarck only been endowed with the audacity of Uttmann, the baker, he would have laughed at Barbara's sudden fit of exclusiveness, stormed the fortress, and taken his seat inside Madam Etterlein's kitchen, or on the window-sill, just as usual.

"Men at some time are masters of their fates." Could Barbara but at that moment have known how her own fortune, and that of several other people, hung on her behavior; could she but have realized that, in closing abruptly the lattice of the window, she was shutting outside her grand chance of future distinction!

When Barbara's first sense of exultation calmed down, she returned to her work, and the bobbins passed and repassed over and under each other with more diligence than ever. Day after day she sat silently pondering over the verses, over the unknown lover, over her own possible future. If she had not begun by assuming a personal knowledge of the Dark Brown Pink, she might have procured information from some one about him; but, feeling that she had committed herself in her early statements, she could only wait in hope of the future.

Where he had seen her she could not make out, but she rather inclined to think he had come disguised as a lace-postman, and would reappear at the right moment, gorgeously appareled, to lead her away in triumph. Her moods were now only one of two. Either she was saucy, conceited, self-satisfied, tossing her head more demonstratively than ever, and snubbing shabby acquaintances, George Neumarck in particular, or she was silent and absorbed in her dreams of future greatness; and every day, as she bent over her lace-pillows, she dreamed dreams greater and grander, more and more brilliant. Every day that passed, every measurement of lace she finished, was a source of rejoicing inwardly, for it brought nearer that day when the fairy prince should come to fetch her away. The Pink would surely come, for he had asked permission in his verses; and she felt as sure of being taken off to Court as if she had a royal mandate, signed and sealed, lying before her.

At first the neighbors were puzzled, and could not understand this new mood of Barbara's. From being the greatest talker in that quarter of the town, she had become the most silent. From being industrious only by fits and starts, as the humor seized her, she had put idleness altogether behind her, and worked from morning till night.

As her long piece of lace grew longer, so the local wonder increased, until at last Barbara came to be looked upon with awe, as one destined in some mysterious way to attain to high estate.

The few hints that she dropped were wonderfully suggestive; even Barbara herself was unconscious of how much of her inner thoughts she betrayed in these rare moments of confidence. Long before the lace was completed—indeed the story grew the faster of the two—it was understood among all the other lace-workers that Barbara had had an invitation to Court, and, on the strength of the bridal-lace, would be present at the wedding festivities.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEUMARCK'S CHORALE.

One evening George Neumarck went to Madam Tielke's cottage an hour earlier than the time for evening service, for it was one of the nights on which both he and Janotha were required to take part in the music.

Janotha was to have a music lesson first—at least that was the arrangement made previously—and he found her seated in the porch, with her lute on the bench beside her.

Madam Tielke was dozing, and Janotha, whispering to him that they must not wake her, gave him a seat, and went on with her work. The time given her for completing the order was passing rapidly, and the attendance on her grandmother, with her ordinary domestic duties, greatly retarded her progress with the fine Mechlin lace.

As they sat side by side there was silence, only an occasional whisper by Janotha reporting on her grandmother's ailments, and George asking a few questions now and then.

Looking at Janotha's hand, George began to compare it with Barbara's, much to the disadvantage of the former's. Barbara's hand was white and plump—such a nice little soft hand as would be pleasant to take within one's own, and hold, perhaps occasionally kissing it. Janotha's was thin; fingers that in an aristocratic young lady would be called tapering, but on a hand roughened and hardened with toil not beautiful, either ideally or actually. Yet ideally, Janotha's every-day life was most beautiful; she was a heroine in the best sense of the word, though George was blind to this fact. He would rather have had five minutes of Barbara's smiles than the devotion of all Janotha's life. Yet he was very fond of Janotha. She was far more a part of his life than he himself understood. Though he dreamed of carrying all his anxieties to Barbara, and having her health and sympathy in them, the idea was fictitious. In reality, he carried all his griefs as well as his joys to Janotha, with the exception of that one trouble, his mortification at Barbara's resentment, and her anger at his offering. Yet he had given her of his best, the very highest tribute it was in his power to offer a woman.

"Did you ever feel, Janotha," he said, half to himself, half to her, "that you were not quite strong enough for certain occasions, as if you needed some power outside yourself to take up your life, and deal with it for you?"

"My life!" she exclaimed. "I do not dare to think about it at all. If I only began to think how much help I needed in it, and how weary I am of it, I should not be able to go on at all."

"You weary!" he answered. "Why, you never said so before, Janotha. I have often said how much better it would be to have a good, contented spirit like yours, satisfied to take life as it comes to you, and wish for nothing better."

"That is all you know about it," she replied. "I am terribly ambitious, but I am obliged to repress it. I wish I could be sure my discontent could be classed as 'divine,' for I should be easier in conscience. But what is the matter with you?"

"Don't you ever wish for a higher power to take up questions, and settle them for you, in spite of yourself? Do you not feel at times as if you were powerless—as if you had not strength sufficient for occasions?"

"Honestly," Janotha answered, "my troubles are so essentially commonplace, so trivial, yet so wearing, that I feel it is only patience I require to deal with them. Of course I should prefer having them removed altogether, but failing that——"

"You do not understand," he interrupted her, impatiently. "I do not speak of little points, or little worries. I mean some great affair, some enormous stake. You have had no such experiences."

"No," she replied, half-laughing; "my great decisions are upon a holiday skirt, whether it is time to have the pots mended, or how I am to manage about the garden and its crops. Nay," she added, dropping her bantering tone, "I can understand that in a life like yours there must be sometimes great issues. Though I spoke of my own life, it was because you put your remark in the form of a question that I answered it."

"Suppose," he said, "that you had had a long spell of ill-fortune, times as bad with you as they could possibly be, everything going wrong with you, and your best friends giving you up as a failure; if you watched, year after year, your companions rising up above you, being rich and happy and prosperous, and knew that in their hearts they pitied you, as they would a half-starved dog to which they threw a bone; and suppose that a prospect were held to you of employment that would make you rich, set you up for life, restore the belief of your friends in you, and above all, place you in a position to try and gain that one thing which in life you most coveted—or at least justify you in trying for it—what would you do?"

"Accept the offer," she replied promptly, "and not let one hour pass until I did."

"But suppose the offer were made upon certain conditions—at least upon conditions implied, not fairly stated; that you felt some work would be required of you not quite——" He paused.

She supplied the word—"honest."

"Well, to do dirty work. What then, Janotha?"

"That makes all the difference between accepting and refusing," she answered, thoughtfully. "So much depends upon the nature of the work you would have to do. Is it something that would be unfair in God's sight, or only something that man would take as mean and shabby?"

He paused for a moment. "Both," he answered. "It could not be defended in sight of either."

"Then, George," she said decidedly, "you cannot touch it, nor even think of it. I do not know what has come over you that you should ever debate this point, even for a moment." Inwardly she said to herself, "This comes of Barbara's influence;" for Janotha was not aware of the continual snubbings that Barbara administered to this impecunious admirer. "At least," she added more gently, "it is not in accordance with any teaching you ever gave me. It seems to me as if the Devil had been taking you up into a very high mountain, an exceeding high one, and showing you some very remarkable prospect."

"Oh! that's what you think of it," he said, in a rather hurt voice; "you use such strong language."

"Do you remember the first Italian sentence you gave me—'God looks only to pure, not to full hands?'"

"I am greatly tempted to tell you about it," he said, "for if I ask you not to speak of it, and you give me your promise, I have full confidence in your discretion."

Janotha looked up with a pleased smile of assent to this proposition.

"I told you of the hints old Schnitker had dropped of giving me work somewhere; that he really had nothing for me to do at the factory but play upon the viol for him."

"And I told you that if he took up your time, he was bound to pay you for it."

"You know that I hoped for Rome—alas! in vain. There was something then said of Antwerp, and I hoped he was going to recommend me to Terbrugen, the organ-builder there. He is next greatest to Schnitker in the world. Some say that he is superior."

Neumarck paused.

"Well?" cried Janotha, impatiently.

"I am not sure if I am right to tell you the rest, or how far it is a betrayal of confidence."

"You must judge that for yourself," she said.

In a few minutes he resumed—

"After all, it is more what I suspected than the reality. That was what made the decision so difficult. If you see wrong, then your course is plain; but if you only suspect it, what then?"

"Yes, just so. I grant you that is a difficulty."

"You know Schnitker has been trying for years to make a viol da gamba stop for his organs. He is at it day and night, and cannot succeed. My usefulness to him is that I am a musician, not a mechanician. People say that Terbrugen has succeeded in making a stop, such a one as has never been heard before, and the nearest thing to the viol da gamba in quality of tone that is ever likely to be invented. Schnitker is wild with jealousy, for he hears that Terbrugen is going to put his new stop into the organ of St. Paul's at Antwerp, and into several other Flemish organs. Schnitker says he must find out a stop at least as good as Terbrugen's. What he aims at is a strong, pungent, cutting tone; the intonation slow, but an imitation of the bow biting the string. The Abbe thinks he can do it when he comes from Rome, but the old man cannot bear to wait."

There was a moment's pause. George resumed—"Schnitker is wild with jealousy to discover Terbrugen's method."

Janotha looked up steadily into George's face. Her eyes met his fearlessly, and scanned his countenance closely, as if to take in all that was unspoken.

Now she understood perfectly what the dirty work would be. The color flew into her face. It was as if some one had insulted herself.

"And Schnitker has dared to propose this to you—you?" she added, with emphasis.

"Not in so many words."

Janotha stood up on her feet in her agitation and excitement. A low cry escaped from her. This was too terrible; she dreaded what the next sentence would be; surely George could not fall to depths like that. In a certain sense he was a god to her still, especially at times of confidences like this one, when she could forget the existence of Barbara.

"I would rather hear that you were dead than that you had done that thing," she said, sitting down again, the color retreating from her face, and her usual paleness returning.

As a sermon, this was short; but she certainly preached very much to the point.

George looked up at her with no little surprise. Vehement as was her tone, he was yet unable fully to realize how much was comprised in those few words. George dead! the only thing in life that made it endurable; yet she felt she could relinquish him rather than keep him at such a cost as this.

"Why, child," he said, half-laughing, "you looked so scared!"

He was, it must be admitted, half-abashed, and a good deal confounded. Until she rose and spoke, the temptation had not had so strong a light thrown upon it. He scarcely liked to admit to so uncompromising a censor that Schnitker's proposition had been in a measure suspended for some hours after being made to him, as one that might actually be contemplated.

Sitting in his own window, on the previous evening, looking down at Barbara, she seemed to be fairer than ever in the light of such a future as might be his if he could possibly accept Schnitker's offer, yet ignore the unspoken conditions that were implied.

Antwerp would be a good place for a musician like himself. With the salary Schnitker would obtain for him from Terbrugen he would be far above want, have enough for himself, and, if he could win her—Barbara.

This moving element in the struggle he could not tell Janotha. He was half out of patience with the decided way in which she came to a conclusion, and the flintiness of her judgment. Naturally, she could not enter into the wrench with which he had turned away from the window, and tried to forget the momentary dream the sight of her he loved had awakened.

But Janotha saw and knew more than he imagined. A very few moments sufficed to let her grasp the situation. Sorrowfully she contemplated the future.

"She will drag him down some day," she thought.

When George began to talk the scheme over with Janotha, it was not that he expected her to give any opinion, or either reverse or confirm the decision to which he had come. But he talked to her to try and talk to himself. In general, Janotha obeyed him implicitly, tock his slightest opinion as gospel, and followed out all his ideas as leading up to great truths to be sought out diligently. For the first time in their intercourse with George, Janotha asserted herself boldly. He did not like it; the change was not wholly agreeable.

Had he but known that his own verses to Barbara, of which he had never spoken, had been the fruit of the tree of knowledge of which Janotha had tasted once and for always.

"Why do you not ask me the end?" he asked, testily.

"Because," she said, so sweetly that it disarmed his indignation, "I know it, and that from you no other answer was possible. Of course when I spoke so strongly I knew I was taking your side in the argument."

He took her hand in his, and held it while he told the story.

"I talked it over with my viol," he said. "You cannot think what grand sentiments it can bring out. At times I am seriously afraid of that bow, Janotha. I know when it and the strings meet I am merged into the instrument, and not quite the same person that I am at other times. I talked over a matter with the viol last week; we had a succession of discords, and I could not find the proper resolutions of them. Strange, was it not?" (He did not say that it was upon the subject of Barbara's verses that he and his viol had differed.) "You cannot think how strong it came out last night and how clearly."

"Agreed with me, I hope?" she added, playfully.

"It did not argue the point at all, that was the strange part of it. I should have preferred to take the matter in detail, pro and con, but it could not be done. I left off and went to bed. Would you believe it—that viol went on the whole night through; every time I fell asleep it wakened me up again, though it was in its case, and locked up, bow and all. And such beautiful music as it was, so sweet and comforting, you cannot think; the whole air was filled with it, and voices like angels singing the words—

> "'Leave God to order all thy ways,
> And hope in Him, whate'er betide.'

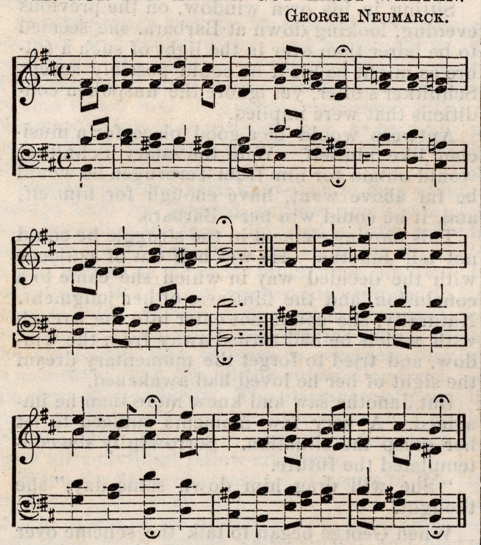
Nor was it joyful music, but sad and prophetic, as if more trouble would yet come. But it satisfied me quite; I am prepared for it, Janotha. With the dawn, instead of the music ceasing, came the harmonies for the melody, so rich, so full, so touching, that even the pipe of the early birds had no power to still the sounds."

Janotha's eyes were full of tears. She could sympathize with this mood, and the burden of a great fear was removed from her by hearing the story.

"Fetch your lute," he said. "The new song of comfort and guidance shall be your lesson to-day. When I am gone, you shall write it out for me."

Then, as a true master does, George played the bass of his melody first.

WER NUR DEN LIEBEN GOT LASST WALTEN.*
GEORGE NEUMARCK.



"It cannot be melody," he was wont to say to his pupil, "unless it first be harmony."

Before the lesson was over, the bells of St. Jacobi's began to ring, and master and pupil, stopping the lesson, walked together to church. The music lesson had not been without its effect. George's spirit felt soothed, comforted, strengthened. No more doubts disturbed his peace of what he might or might not do; no more thought of bartering the better part of himself for gold, even gold that might buy for him—Barbara. For the time he forgot all about her, and the longing for her smiles that made him weak, and left him open to temptation.

It was, as George Herbert said of a long sermon—"God had taken up the text, and preached patience."

And when the choir sang a hymn of Simon Dach's at the evening service, and Janotha's clear true voice came out in the treble of the music, George felt under the better influences, and went home with no more doubt and hesitation of mind.†

CHAPTER XV.

A LITTLE CLOUD IN THE DISTANCE.

SOME days passed on, and again it was evening, and the time for service at St. Jacobi's. Janotha sat upon a tombstone, with her lute upon her lap, and the chimes were playing an old hymn tune far above, over her head. The congregation had not yet begun to muster, only the one-eyed cobbler, who was Neumarck's opposite neighbor, had come a little earlier, and was feeding the pigeons near where Janotha sat. He did not often leave his work to come out what he considered pleasure-seeking, but, returning from a neighboring village to which he had been to buy leather, had taken the church on his way. George had been practicing the music for that evening's service up in his attic, and the cobbler had felt impelled to come and hear the fine effect of "Ein feste burg," with all the instruments and all the voices.

That day had been an eventful one in Janotha's life. Not so much for what it immediately brought, as for its results afterwards. Hers was not a life with much joyousness in it, but, never having known one much brighter, she managed to get a good deal of calm happiness out of her daily work, her toil sweetened by the sense of intellectual growth under George Neumarck's teachings.

But to-day a little cloud had arisen—it was far away, and no bigger than a man's hand, but it was one that would touch George's fortunes more than hers; and what so terrible for her as a hurt to him?

Should she conceal the bad news from him when he came? Ought she to tell him at once what the Sacristan had told her that morning, or let him be happy in ignorance as long as possible?

The organ that Schnitker was building in the Church of St. Jacobi was almost finished—not in its complete form, as it would be eventually when the scheme was completed, but ready for daily use. That morning the Sacristan had triumphantly informed Janotha that Master Schnitker had perfected the two stops, over which he had spent many months of labor, and that in a few weeks' more time they would be added to the organ.

"No more gambists, no more lutanistes, Mademoiselle," the Sacristan said, triumphantly; "we shall have a stop for each instrument worth three or four of them; and what will the musicians at St. Catherine's say to that? We shall leave them all the poor fiddling, for we are marching with the times, or rather in advance of them. What care we for Terbrugen of Antwerp? Let him keep his knowledge to himself. Master Schnitker has made a stop worth two of his, but it is so grand he has not yet got a name for it; it is something quite new. Gambists! Oh no, thank you! We shall have done with them very shortly, I can assure you."

Janotha sat upon the tombstone thinking all this over, wondering what it would be like when she came to church only to sing, yet not to hear George's gamba near her, nor be able to mingle the tones of her lute with the deep strong chords for his instrument. In the imperfect state of musical science then, and the poverty of tone and compass in musical instruments, the viol da gamba filled a place supplied by no other instrument. To Janotha it was the grandest, most eloquent of voices. To her it had spoken a new language, and taught it to her lute also. In fact, it was something more than the mere music. She was herself the lute; George was the viol da gamba. His was the stronger nature, with immeasurable depths of goodness, of breadth of thought, of poetry, of a greatness of soul, that was Janotha's idea of divinity. She, with sweetness, tenderness, self-distrust, had dim longings after some vague perfection, now first brought near to her by George's teachings, and opened to her as possible of attainment. Even when she practiced alone, she heard, in imagination, the tone of the gamba supporting the thin, weak pipings of her own lute. They rested upon the strong groundwork of the gamba, as modern reed-stops rest upon the diapasons.

"Melody," says the late Rev. F. Oakley, "is the distinctive property of the South, harmony of the North of Europe. Whilst Southern book-worms were analyzing the principles of harmony, and devising ingenious laws of counterpoint, the untutored peasantry of the North were cheering their rest from labor, and solacing their hardships with psalm-singing, derived from no artificial, no adventitious source, but prompted solely by their own instinctive love of musical concord. The first great masters in harmony were from the North, not from the South—from Belgium, not from Rome. At a time when the former was at her greatest commercial prosperity—of which mere traces can now be seen by the traveler—those most interesting and picturesque cities, Bruges, Ostend, Malines, Antwerp, Louvian, etc., had composers—Dufoy, Ockenheim, Josquin des Pres, Isaac, Orlando di Lasso, Arcadelt—who all carried their counterpoint with them into Italy before the time of Palestrina."

The long thirty years' war in Germany had prevented any progress being made in the science of music; but, taking it even at the point where Martin Luther had left it about a century previously, enough remained for a student like George Neumarck to build upon, and in what he wrote and taught he was able to anticipate by many years the advance of music in the rest of Europe.

But it was with Neumarck much as a modern critic asserts that it was with Schubert—he was, in the ordinary affairs of life, what is called an extremely unlucky man. The few chances of public success within his grasp were certain to be frustrated by some circumstance or other entirely beyond his control. Everything seemed to go against Neumarck, from the fire at Dantzig on to the building of the organ in St. Jacobi's. And to these misfortunes Janotha felt strongly tempted to add one worse than any other—his being captivated by the rosy cheeks and saucy ways of Barbara Etterlein.

"He is dreadfully poor," said Janotha to herself, "and he will never be able to live without the church money. I have my lace-work and my needle-work, and that bargain of today's will keep the wolf out for next year; but what will George be able to do instead, I cannot think. He is poor in purpose always," added this young person to herself, whose own circumstances had made compulsory a good deal of practical training. She judged the artistic temperament so strongly developed in George as many women, strong in domestic detail, are wont to do.

"He is not strong enough in purpose, except, indeed, this craze about Barbara, and he is making the winning of her the whole object of his life."

And then Janotha mused a little longer upon this feature in her troubles.

"That is the worst part of it all," she said to herself. "He is longing to go to Antwerp, and there will be nothing now to keep him here. If he talks to Barbara about it, she will urge him to take Schnitker's mission and go. They may boast about their stop as much as they please, but I do not believe they have got the gamba yet."

Then the cobbler came up and made his bow to Janotha, and they talked of the pigeons and the audacious starlings circling round and round the church tower. Suddenly it occurred to Janotha to take the cobbler's opinion on a point that troubled her.

"Do you think that it is possible for us to have the Bible stories over again? For instance, do you think that now, when men know all about Eve and the apple, that if she were to hold it out again to some one, he would have the sense to refuse it?'

"That depends," said the cobbler, oracularly. "It depends on Eve, if she were good-looking; and it would depend on the apple, if it were a rare, rosy one; and it would a good deal depend on Adam himself I should say, if his taste lay in the way of apples, and he had no other Eve occupying his thoughts at the time."

"That is poor comfort," said Janotha. "I did hope that if a man were on his guard, you know, he would not eat it."

"We are not always on our guard, Mademoiselle, but the old serpent is. He never wants to sleep or rest, and the more drowsy we are, the more lively is he."

"But do you not think that the world is so much wiser now than it used to be? Do you not think learning ought to teach men to be wise?"

"It is a wisdom we are all slow to learn, Mademoiselle, and very unwilling. I believe we are just as ready, every man of us, to eat the apple as Adam was; but I hope we are not all so mean as to blame the young woman afterwards. There is a girl in our street," added the cobbler in a mysterious voice, "and she is my notion of a rosy apple, tempting all the passers-by. I do thank Heaven for my good

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* From J. Sebastian Bach's "Vierstimmige Choralgesänge."

† See Appendix No. 5—"The Organ in the Church of St. Jacobi."

neighbor, Master Neumarck, that he can compose and sing those beautiful hymns to himself, for he lives close to a very great danger. When I sit at my work and listen to him, I feel that there is no longer the rotten old roof between me and heaven. He does lift it away, quite away, and gives me glimpses of blue overhead. Yes, he is a great man, Mademoiselle. Talk of David and his harp! I suppose he did his best on it, poor young man, but give me Master Neumarck and the viol da gamba."

The cobbler went on his way, turning into the church, and Janotha soon rose and followed him.

There was no enjoyment for her in that evening's music. She was playing and singing like one in a dream.

"Fashion!" she said to herself, echoing the Sacristan's words. "We must all be in the fashion; we must go with the times; no church that consults its dignity nowadays has gambists and lutanistes. Fashion! As if it could ever fill a place left vacant by George Neumarck! And even supposing that the organ will have gigantic pipes, noise is not music. Three feet and three quarters the measure round the large ones—just as if they would be the better for that!* As if Germany had not had enough of the clash of arms, and all manner of coarse noises, for thirty consecutive years! People ought to be glad of a little peace and rest. That old Schnitker is gone thunder-mad. When Master Simon Dach writes about the old days when he and Schnitker were friends, and loved music better than anything else in the world, I feel I am reading out of a story-book, not a word of which is to be taken in earnest. The Abbe at Rome, Joachim says, is a good man, and when he comes back to work here things will be different; but in the meantime, what shall we all do? I can manage to live on my lace, and it is all very well in its way—it keeps us from beggary; but what an odious world it would be if lace-making were the whole business of it, and no music nor beautiful thoughts in it. Even now he must be poor, though he never admits it to any one. His clothes grow shabbier and shabbier every week, and he has not had new ones for a long time. A little mending would do them a great deal of good if it were well done, but he makes them worse by cobbling them himself. If he would let me have his linen now and then, I could make it so much better, and the coat would look a different thing if I were allowed to give it a dip in the dye-pot. Only he never lets me touch on the subject; and Grandmother might, if she were nice and kind, like other people's grandmothers, take George in hand, and get over his scruples. Even if Joachim were at home, I might manage, through him, to bring George to reason, but I am afraid it is quite hopeless. If Grandmother would only look at him with my eyes—but she will never do that."

As if it were the least likely that an old woman of eighty years of age would see George with the eyes of a granddaughter of eighteen!

CHAPTER XVI.

TEMPTATION COMES ONCE MORE.

"JANOTHA," said Neumarck, as they came out of the church together, "you did not play well this evening, and you sang still worse. Of what could you have been thinking? If I had been near enough to take your lute I would have tuned it for you, but such discordant sounds were never heard as you uttered, and I, for one, have no desire to hear them again."

"Yes," said Janotha, "I was quite conscious of them, but somehow——:" and she paused.

"It is easily accounted for," Neumarck exclaimed, taking the lute from her hands. "I told you not to use this one until I could take it home and put it in order."

"Yes," she replied, submissively, "but——"

"You never seemed to take in the meaning of the hymn, and you have always said that it was such a grand one," Neumarck went on.

"I did not take it in," Janotha replied. "I could not. I was not in the right mood."

"So you wailed and croaked alternately," he said impatiently. "Why did you bring this poor, feeble-toned instrument?"

"The worst is," she said deprecatingly—"the worst part is, George, that it will always be this lute, always this feeble-toned one."

"What?" he exclaimed.

"It is a poor, weakly thing, I know, not fit to be sounded beside your grand viol, but there is no help for it. Will you keep my secret?" she asked imploringly. "Will you promise never to mention the grand lute in Grandmother's hearing? for I have parted with it—sold it."

"Sold it!" George repeated. "Sold your mother's lute! What tempted you to do that, Janotha?"

"Money tempted me," she answered, in a low voice.

"Money! And you valued your father's masterpiece so little—a work of art in every sense of the word—as to sell it! I could not have believed it possible you would do such a thing."

She was silent under his reproaches; the defense she might have made was impossible without telling him that she had lost her place as lutaniste in the choir.

"For tone I never met with its equal," he resumed. "Nothing but necessity, urgent necessity, ought to have compelled you to part with it."

"Yes," she replied, "I know all that, but yet I have sold it."

Looking up in George's face, she read her condemnation in it. Janotha was not so poor as to require to sell her lute. She could earn nearly as much money as Neumarck did.

"You will not tell Grandmother?" she pleaded, tearfully. "It was my own, you know; I had a right to do what I pleased with it; but still, if Grandmother comes to know it, she will never cease upbraiding me from morning till night. You who live by yourself cannot understand how unpleasant it is to be talked at all day long about something that pains you deeply. You do not suppose that I parted with my lute without a struggle! All the happiness I have ever had has been connected with it; but it had to go. I am sorry you think so badly of me," she added tearfully.

George looked a little softened by her appeal.

"She cannot get out of bed now, and could not lift the lid of the coffer even if she did so, so she need never know the lute is gone unless you tell her."

"Let me hear the whole story; then I shall know whether you are to be excused or not."

"The winter is coming——" She paused; there was that dreadful news yet untold. "We spend a great deal of money," she added, hypocritically. "Grandmother needs many things. It was the lace-postman I told you of who saw the lute when he came round to give the orders. He told Gutig, Baron Rozenkrantz's valet, of the beautiful inlayings, and the Baron wants to have it as a present for his bride, so Gutig came to-day to ask me to sell it. Joachim wrote a letter to him, saying that we owe much to Sweden, and must not grudge so small a trifle to the Ambassador. Also, he has paid Joachim well—very well—for his work. Gutig held out the money—golden rix-dollars—in his hand, and I took them."

"Have you thought how it will be on festival days in the church? Will not the kapellmeister miss the rich clangfurt of the other? Ah! Janotha, this may cost you dear, very dear."

Janotha could not answer him without saying that soon the kapellmeister would dismiss them both. Only her tears flowed fast. She tried to think how well it was to have money enough to last, she hoped, so long as her grandmother lived; but it was not consolation enough. George's disapproval and reproaches, and the loss of her lute, both together, were too much for her. She wept bitterly.

"Will you promise!" she begged again of him. "Oh, do, please. It is quite difficult enough to manage for Grandmother as things have been, but you will get me into dreadful trouble. You do not know what it is to have scolding going on all day, and to be wakened up a dozen times in the night to hear the grievance all over again."

"Well, Janotha, as it will not bring the lute back I shall say nothing about it, but you have disappointed me most seriously. I thought you had a mind above making a bargain like that. I think I must take home that other lute and string it better for you. So long as you had the grand one it did not matter, but now——;" and taking the lute from Janotha, George nodded good-night to her, and turned away towards his own home.*

It was not possible for George to know how deeply his reproofs had struck upon the little lutaniste's soul. The days that followed this one were very hard to bear. She locked away the money in a safe place, but its sight was hateful to her. Her lace was nearly completed, and, in a few days more, the lace-postman would come round for it. Barbara's would not be required for some weeks later.

One day George came up the garden walk with a very grave face. Before he reached the porch and spoke, Janotha, sitting in it, knew he had had notice of dismissal.

"I have bad news to tell you," he said, after a minute. "I do not know how to do it. It affects us both; it is equally a misfortune to you as to me."

"I believe I know it already," she replied, sadly. "I would not, indeed I could not, tell you of it. The pain would come soon enough for you, without my anticipating it."

"It is not wholly unexpected to me," he said. "I knew sooner or later a stop would be invented that would fill a certain place—not mine exactly, but one created by the introduction of new inventions."

"And has Schnitker not found the gamba stop?" she asked.

"No," he said, hesitatingly, "Terbrugen alone has the secret."

"And Schnitker still seeks for it?"

"Schnitker would give a great deal for it."

Janotha shivered with alarm. Yes, her worst fears would be realized. What was the loss of her own lute to this trouble that she saw in the distance? Could she invent any plan for transferring part of the money she had to George?

That was her first thought—her second was a rejection of the wish.

"No," she said; "not a poor, foolish girl like me. It needs a higher power than mine to do this great thing. And, after all, how unworthy I would make him out to be, if money would keep him back from committing this great sin."

No, George's soul was above such a theft; but Babara—ah! hers was low enough; she would drag him down to unfathomable depths of dishonor if she brought her influence to bear. It was, as the cobbler had said, a very rosy apple, and the Adam of to-day was no wiser than the first one who was tempted. Had she but known that Barbara treated George with the loftiest disdain, and never condescended to enter into any conversation with him, her mind would have been much more at ease.

Now she told George why she had sold the lute, and that it would not be missed from the choir.

CHAPTER XVII.

PETER THE COBBLER.

IN the manner in which this trouble affected George Neumarck and Janotha, respectively, they were not unlike to Mr. Fearing and Christiana, as represented in the immortal allegory of John Bunyan.

"His troubles were so great, that they broke out; but hers she kept within. His lay so hard on him, that they made him that he could not knock at the houses provided for entertainment. Her troubles were always such as made her knock the louder."

The time came only too quickly, before the end of summer, at which the gambist and lutaniste were no longer required at St. Jacobi's. Other instrumentalists were still retained in the service of the church, but these two, it was decided, were no longer required, as both the instruments were going out of public favor for church music. The viol da gamba no longer held the place it once had in musical circles, and church music was growing too massive and scientific for a weak little instrument like the lute, that at best was merely enough to support a solo singer's voice.

George had still a few pupils, and occasionally played, in concert with other instrumentalists, in a choir supported by the town, which brought him a little money; but winter was coming, and the inhabitants would stay a good deal in their own houses, and not care for pleasure-taking out-of-doors.

His spare hours George gave to working hard at some grand compositions that one day he hoped the world would be glad to hear; but as a prospect this was vague, and only an artist's *chateau en Espagne*.

For some days Neumarck had not seen anything of his neighbor, the cobbler, opposite. His windows had not been opened, and, what was stranger still, he made no sign when George played his favorite pieces of music. Usually, before he went to bed, the cobbler would put his head out of his dormer window—which corresponded to George's, opposite—and cry a "good-night" when an evening hymn was played, and he had joined in in his discordant, feeble voice, that, happily for Neumarck, was drowned in the sounds of his own, and of the viol da gamba.

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* See Appendix No. 6—"Organ Stops."

* See Appendix No. 7—"Lutanistes in Churches."

With half an interest in old Peter, and half in the excuse it gave him for interrogating Barbara, George crossed over one evening to Madam Etterlein's door-step, and addressed himself to her daughter, the pretty lace-weaver.

"Can you tell me," he asked her, "anything of the old cobbler who lives up in the top of your mother's house? His window has not been open for several days, and he has burned no light in the evenings. Has he gone from home?"

"I really cannot tell you," Barbara replied; "he may or may not have gone; I cannot tell. I do not take much interest in old gentlemen up in attics; they are not usually very agreeable acquaintances. Unless I were going to a dance, when I always let Peter have the honor of doing up my shoes, I never concerned myself about him."

"How long is it since you saw him last?"

"How can I tell? I have so much important business of my own to attend to that I cannot spare time to look after other people's. If the bridal lace should not be finished in time, what would everybody say? It may be a simple matter to neglect the lace, but if it should be the cause of postponing the wedding, what then? Did you hear what the laceman said the day he came round last? He says that Court gentlemen are no longer satisfied with wearing lace frills and ruffles, but they have great flounces of strong kinds round the tops of their big boots. I dare say I shall be having an order for his Excellency's wedding boots. Under these circumstances you will not wonder that I have no mind to expend upon cobblers."

"May I go up and inquire for myself?" George asked.

"The best thing you can do, Master Neumarck." And George, passing her, climbed the narrow staircase leading to the cobbler's home.

"But you have plenty of mind to expend upon poets, Barbara," her sister cried out from the kitchen, as George vanished from sight.

"Yes, first-class poets, university poets," Barbara answered. "I grant you that one does well to spare leisure for meditation of that kind. It is very elevating to the mind to have a poet upon it."

Barbara always spoke of her own mind with great respect. She looked upon it as something first-class, one of a very superior order.

When George reached the last door of the staircase, he knocked at it. A faint groan from within answered him. He lifted the latch, and, stepping in, saw his old neighbor stretched upon his bed, looking unshaven and neglected.

"What! it's you, neighbor!" the old man cried, with a faint smile. "Well, I am glad. I have prayed the Lord, night and day, to send some one to me, and I did hope it would be you. Not that I could quite make out how the message was to go to you. Did the swallows carry it? I have been at them night and day about it, but they are so busy getting ready to be off, I had not much hope of them."

"What is the matter with you?" George asked.

"Get me some water, like a good soul, and I'll tell you. No, there's none in the room—has not been these two days. You will have to fetch it."

George seized the pitcher, and ran downstairs.

"Have you any water in the house?" he asked Hanne, who leaned against the door-post watching her sister at work.

"What do you want with it?" she asked rudely, not losing the opportunity of gaining a little information.

"That poor old man up-stairs seems to be very ill, and he has no one to look after him—has not had a drop of water for two days."

"What is the matter?" Barbara cried out. "I hope it is not a fever, or anything catching. Don't come close, if you please, Master Neumarck."

George was looking round the kitchen, and Hanne's pitcher—the same that she carried to the fountain—stood half filled with water. Without waiting to ask leave, he seized it, and bore it off up-stairs.

"And he will bring it down again, and give us all the fever, or maybe it will be the small-pox," Barbara exclaimed indignantly. "Come in, Hanne, and shut the door, or that crazy fellow will be dashing in again. May the saints keep genius far off us all!"

Meantime, old Peter had a delicious draught of water, and his tongue was loosened.

"I could not sleep for thirst, but when I did, I dreamed about the blessed river where I am going, and it was beautiful. I shall soon be high up, neighbor—attics nothing at all in comparison—and fine times I shall have. Think of the music there will be, for which, thanks to you, I am a great deal more ready than I was when you came over the way first. I am going to take part, harp and all, I can tell you."

"You must be doctored, Peter," George said, "and I must get you some food."

"It is of no use," Peter said; "I won't bear any more cobbling; uppers gone, soles worn out, down at the heels. Thank you all the same."

But George judged for himself, and hurried off to fetch the curé of St. Jacobi's, who had the reputation of being able to deal with bodies as well as souls. He also turned in to ask Janotha's advice, and then hurried back to his old friend. In a short time she had followed him down into town, and, having climbed the attic staircase, stood before the door with a porringer of warm soup, some bread, and a spoon.

George opened the door. "You must not come in. I do not know what is the matter. It may be some sickness that you would catch."

"I must come in," she said. "I know a great deal more about sick people than you do, George. Women are born to this kind of work, and brought up to it afterwards," she added, apologetically. And, stepping lightly over the threshold, she stood beside the old man's bed.

"It is the little lutaniste," he said, with a smile of pleasure—"the little nightingale from St. Jacobi's. So He sent you too, Mademoiselle? Well, that was good."

"I met him in the street," Janotha answered, mistaking the meaning; "and I came because I have been a great deal with sick people, and thought I could be of use. I am going to give you some soup," she went on, preparing to feed him with her spoon.

Peter made an effort to swallow, but only a few drops went down.

"It is of no use, little musician; I am not good for any more repairs."

Janotha implored him to try, but he shook his head.

"Worn out," he said; "past mending; but if you would sing me something, I should like that best. There is that new hymn of Master Neumarck's, it is beautiful—not that I ever caught the words, but I got a great deal of sense out of the music. You should have lain here all alone for several days, as I have done, to know what that music has in it. Up above it won't seem to be so much wanted as here; but whether or not, I mean to have it sung when I go. You have not got your lute? No matter, just go on by yourself."

Then Janotha sang George Neumarck's hymn, music and words both being his:—

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
  And hope in Him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days
  Thy all-sufficient Strength and Guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the Rock that none can move."[*]

"Yes," said Peter, when she came to the end of the last verse, "that is just about the message that the tune sent me—

"'He comes to thee all unaware,
  And makes thee own His loving care.'

And when all the harps begin, it will be very grand, very. There will be the river too, and the precious stones, and everything beautiful."

There was a long silence. The sun went down, and left the room in twilight. Peter ceased to talk, but moved restlessly about.

"Sing again, Janotha," George said, and she obeyed him. The end was nearly reached, when he put his hand softly on hers, and she understood that her task was done.

"Would you mind asking Madam Etterlein for a light, and bringing some one up? It is not for me, a stranger, to touch anything here. While the poor soul needed me, I would have staid. I wish we had come two or three days ago, Janotha. I shall never cease to regret it."

Janotha found every one down-stairs in commotion. The curé had just arrived, too late to be of use, but his appearance brought matters to a crisis, and invested the cobbler's case with more importance. Not that Barbara required to be roused, for already her story of George rushing in and seizing the pitcher had been considerably improved upon. It was a remarkable feature of all Barbara's stories that they were peculiarly adapted for enlargement by others, and even under her own hands their growth was rapid.

Peter, according to popular rumor, was dying up-stairs of some dreadful complaint; if not the small-pox, it was most likely to be the plague. The kitchen was full of people, talking and gesticulating, half a dozen holding forth at once. Had it been understood that Janotha had been inside the room, and actually beside the old man's bed, her reception would not have been so civil; but the gossips actually called her in to question her, and Madam Etterlein graciously acceded to her request for a candle, while numerous suggestions were made to her, all more or less impractical and incoherent, of the course she ought to follow when she went up-stairs again.

The curé went up with her to George, and Janotha hurried away to her own charge at home.

"And you will be careful, when next you come," she said to George, "not to mention my having been up here, for Grandmother is terribly afraid of illness; she lives in terror of the small-pox, on account of her good looks, especially her complexion."

CHAPTER XVIII.

JANOTHA'S FAREWELL.

THE next morning Madam Etterlein and her daughter left the house, and went into the country. Barbara would have had no peace of mind if she had remained in the house where the old man died.

"Only think of the risk I ran," she said to her friends. "Suppose that the Dark Brown Pink had come and found me in bed with the small-pox? My fortunes would be ruined, my chances gone. He would not recognize me if we were to meet again, and all for a tiresome old cobbler that no one knew anything about, and cared less. As to that crazy creature opposite, he has got up all this sudden interest in mother's lodger just to annoy me, because I will not allow him to come and talk to me at the window. Fritz Uttmann says he is a poor, beggarly creature that even he would not be seen speaking to, and advises me to keep him at a distance."

Peter had a pauper's funeral, at which George Neumarck and Janotha were the only mourners. Barbara Etterlein's jokes were never in particularly good taste, and a harsher term might have been applied to the comments she made on the part this kind-hearted pair acted on the occasion. And if her story had required coloring, she had it on her return home, when she heard how George Neumarck had put a wooden block at the head of old Peter's grave, on which he had rudely cut his name and the date of his death. But her keenest shafts of ridicule were leveled at a rough representation of a harp that George and Janotha had put together from some bits of carved wood that Joachim had left from a piece of work done before he left home.

Further, George cut upon the wooden block a new verse of his hymn, which he had added after the memorable night when he sat beside the cobbler's bed.

"For," he said to Janotha, "old Peter has done more for me than I ever did for him. I learned a great lesson that night. As we sat there, and darkness seemed to be falling, a great light broke in on my soul. What a wonderful thing is the dawn of the better life for all of us."

"All are alike before His face:
  'Tis easy to our God Most High
To make the rich man poor and base,
  To give the poor man wealth and joy.
True wonders still by Him are wrought,
Who setteth up, and brings to nought."

As a monument it was fantastic, and though people coming out of church used to laugh at it, neither George nor Janotha cared in the least for adverse criticism, and mixed not enough with this profane public to be aware of the strength and extent of its disapproval.

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[*] See *Lyra Germanica*, p. 153. Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity. The hymn has seven verses. Miss Winkworth gives the date of composition as 1653.

A more serious cause for concern was the loss of George's few pupils, who were scared by the story that old Peter had died of the plague, and that Neumarck still wore the same clothes he had had on when he nursed him. The story grew out of all its original dimensions, and George was unaware of the many forms it had assumed. But suddenly he found himself without pupils, and without employment of any kind, for general opinion was too strong to allow of his being permitted even to play in public. People used to cross to the other side of the street when they saw him coming, and even old Solomon did not dare to offend his customers by intrusting musical instruments, afterwards to be handled by others, to his care for repairs.

Then, indeed, the wolf was upon the stairs leading up to Neumarck's attic, and was climbing fast. Janotha suspected something of the case, but not all, for George was too proud to admit to her how narrow were the straits to which he was reduced.

To stay longer at Hamburg was useless, and hearing that the place of kapellmeister at Verden was vacant, he decided to make the journey, and submit himself and his qualifications to the authorities as a candidate for the vacant post.

There was only one house at which to say good-bye, and Neumarck, taking leave of Janotha Tielke and her grandmother, locked his chamber door, slung a wallet on his back, and, with his viol da gamba in its case on his shoulder, set out once more to seek his fortunes.

His resolution had been formed suddenly, and acted upon quickly. He had taken leave of Janotha, and left Hamburg many miles behind him, before she fully realized that he was going. It seemed impossible that she should live on alone, or worse than alone, without the daily stimulus of George's visits and sympathy. When Joachim left, he had commended his sister and grandmother to Neumarck's care, and gladly shaken off all further responsibility concerning them. Rome had been for years the goal of his desires, and he was not likely (what young fellow of twenty years of age would be inclined?) to allow any anxieties to intrude that might throw obstacles in his path. In Janotha's steady discretion he had full confidence, but the truth may be admitted, that he would have tried to go to Italy whether he had or had not all the faith in her that he professed.

As has been remarked in an earlier chapter, letter-writing between absent friends was the exception rather than the rule in those days. Janotha parted from George, knowing that she might not see or hear of him for years to come. It was a prospect she hardly dared to contemplate, but George was full of hope and courage at leaving, and she could not bear to damp his spirits. If he were successful he would not return, and that was the hardest struggle with her, for wishing him well meant that he would in all probability altogether pass out of her life.

There was no lover-like parting between them, for the simple reason that lovers they were not in the reciprocal sense. Barbara's heartlessness about old Peter, had been a shock to George—how great a shock he did not for a long time like to admit even to himself. Her persistent scorn of him had in a great measure been the cause of his first determination to leave the town. No longer was it a joy to him to sit and look at her from his window, for the sight of her had ceased to move him to ecstasy. In proportion as he came to dread passing by her window, and hearing rude remarks made by her upon him, was the growth of contempt for his own brief madness that had made him exalt her to the position of divinity. It was less the prospect of winning the vacant post, than the relief of turning his back on the place where a delusive dream had been dreamt, that filled him with joy at leaving Hamburg.

A week or two after Neumarck left, Madam Tielke died, and her granddaughter was left alone. In spite of the old woman's disagreeable ways, Janotha loved her; she might not have been an ideal relative, but she was the only one that the girl knew, and it was terribly desolate to sit down in the empty cottage and feel that she belonged to no one, and had no link with the world or any one's fortunes. A letter was sent by the manager of the Schnitker factory, by some workmen who were going to join Joachim at Bremen on his way to Rome, telling him of his grandmother's death, and asking instructions of him for his sister's future.

Almost before she thought her brother could have had the letter, the answer came, and what an event in Janotha's life was the arrival of that epistle! He had obtained for her a position in the household of the Ambassador's bride. Gutig, the valet, had reported so favorably of her musical proficiency, and the lute was so far beyond the Baron's previous experience of instruments, both in beauty of tone and decoration, that he eagerly begged Joachim to send for his sister. She should be lutaniste to Her Excellency, and her particular attendant.[*]

Here was indeed a piece of good fortune. Janotha was bewildered at the thought of the great future in store for her, and half-frightened at being called to fill so grand a place in the world.

But time pressed. She was ordered to set out at once, and be ready to receive her mistress on coming home; so, after disposing of what worldly goods her grandmother had left behind for which she had no use, she packed what remained in the chestnut coffer, and set out for Bremen, under the charge of the servant the Baron had sent to bring her safely on her journey. But before Janotha left Hamburg, she had a leave-taking to make of which no one but herself knew. She had been to say good-bye to all the neighbors who had been kind to her, and when the light had disappeared sufficiently to allow her to make a visit to George Neumarck's attic door unobserved, she set out on her pilgrimage.

In lace-making—in hand-work above all, and in pillow-making to a great extent—there is a difference between the work done by different individuals. Imitations of the old laces turned out by the modern loom, and accepted as substitutes by the feminine world of to-day, are fast debasing public taste. Connoisseurs still collect eagerly the old specimens, and feel the same interest in them that they ever did, but the large majority of women do not know the difference between art-work and trade-work. Could it be possible to transport them into the seventeenth century, and show them the two pieces of lace woven at Hamburg for the bride of Baron von Rosenkrantz—that by Barbara Etterlein, and the ruffles by Janotha Tielke—the difference would be perfectly patent.

Whatever the man of narrow mind, of lower spiritual nature attempts, copying from others, it is merely a trade. But the artist of higher nature works on lines totally different. To him perfection is not only desirable, but a necessity, in all that he does. A discontent that may justly be qualified as "divine" with all lower forms continually aims at a higher. Thus, in the one thing that he does rightly, he feels his relationship to all other work, no matter how far it may be beyond him, that is done rightly too. It is the spirit, even in rude work, that is the presence of art, and without it the work done is but manufacture.

When Janotha finished the lace ruffles for the bride-elect, the money she received for them and for the sale of her lute placed her beyond the immediate reach of want. She had money enough to last her grandmother's wants for a long time to come, so she felt herself at liberty to work for something sweeter than golden coins; she would have one happy inspiriting motive for work, if another were never to be hers.

The world is suggestive of ambitions, to women quite as much as to men, but Janotha's was a humble one. She looked with envy on women who might choose their work, might devote their best powers to some end for which the reward would be from within, and not from without. The exigency of bread-winning was the impediment in Janotha's path. For once she would give herself the luxury of following her own wishes. It would be some compensation for the loss of her lute, the parting with which she still felt keenly.

Her farewell to George Neumarck she wrote and sealed up in a package that one day she hoped he might find, though she should be far away.

"KIND MASTER GEORGE NEUMARCK,—My grandmother is dead, and I am going away to Bremen. Joachim has got me a position in the household of the Baroness. I am to be her lutaniste, so perhaps I shall sometimes have my own lute to play upon. Her Excellency will have none around her who are not skilled in music, and you who taught me all I know I thank with all my heart. As I could not see you to say good-bye, I have put in a pair of ruffles of Malines lace, made on purpose for you, to carry my message for me. They are of the pattern that was made for the Baron himself, and I might not give it to any merchant, but only as a gift to one to whom I owe so much. You may not want to wear the ruffles now, but some day I feel sure that you will come to be a great man, as great as you deserve to be, and will want to make a grand appearance in the world. Then I hope you will remember how grateful was your old pupil,

"JANOTHA."

It was with a beating heart she climbed the staircase, fearing some one might meet her and challenge her right to go up. It was easy to know the right door, as it was the highest up, and a notice nailed to the panel desired people who came to see Master Neumarck to inquire of Solomon the dealer in the High Street.

It was a crazy door, that gaped at the bottom, and offered no barrier to her package. Taking the whole situation, she preferred trusting her message to the empty attic to abandoning her precious ruffles to the tender mercies of old Solomon, of whose probity she had reason to doubt.

The aperture at the bottom of the door would have admitted a letter four times as bulky as hers, and it enabled her to push her package far back out of range of sight of any one who might draw it out before Neumarck came back.

A month afterwards, George returned. He had not been successful in obtaining the situation, and had only earned as much money as brought him back to Hamburg. The place, he admitted, had little prospect of success for him, but still he found himself turning back to the only spot on earth he could call a home.

In spite of the poverty-stricken aspect of his garret, he liked it. There is more in the power of tables and chairs to make a place home than antiprosaic people are prepared to admit; and though Neumarck's possessions in the way of furniture were scant, he valued them all the more on that account. Then it was in that garret he had had many dreams; delusive ones, it was true, but much of our education is carried on by means of these visions. Most people go through a good many before they touch the realities of life; and these learn to look back indulgently, if not tenderly, on these creations of their sanguine days.

To the artistic temperament, whose nature it is to create, the place in which his conceptions have taken form becomes a little sacred to him, the bare walls, rotten floors, and rickety chairs being glorified for the time being.

Therefore it was with a feeling of home-coming that George put the key in the lock, turned it, and stepped once more over the threshold of his attic. How damp and musty the air smelled! How dirty everything looked! For a moment he felt tempted to regret the green fields, the pure air of the country through which he had traveled that day, and wish that he had not come back to this loneliness and discomfort.

Then his eye, wandering over the room, fell on the packet Janotha had thrust under the door, and he lifted and opened it. The delicate cobweb of lace fell upon the floor, and he almost feared to touch it with his brown, travel-stained fingers. The work was as fresh and dainty as it had been the hour it was taken from the cushion, as characteristic of Janotha herself as the work of most women is of themselves. The lace was the one delicate spot of refinement in the whole place, and brought in a great flood a message far more eloquent than any that the little girl had ever dared to send.

George sat down upon a chair with the open letter still in his hand. So Janotha was gone, and there was no one in Hamburg who would welcome him back. A fit of desperate longing came over him, and an intense yearning for a human voice, some kindly greeting, one word of welcome, one touch of sympathy in his disappointment. Somehow his art did not seem to fill the want as he used to believe it did. In his passion for Barbara his art was strangely mingled, for through it he had poured out his soul, stimulated the imagination that had endowed her with supposititious virtues, and exaggerated her personal attractions.

As Janotha's fair sweet face rose before him, and he fancied her voice greeting him, it suddenly came over him with a sense of disappointment that she was out of his reach. He realized in those few minutes, sitting with her lace in his hands, that she had been a large part of his motive in coming back to Hamburg. He needed her more than he had known himself—those soft honest eyes that always met his with a smile, always greeted him tenderly. Then he kissed the Mechlin ruffles, and, folding them once more in their paper wrapper, laid them away in a place of safety.

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[*] See Appendix No. 8—"Sweden and Germany after the Peace of Westphalia."

CHAPTER XIX.

UT FIAT DIVINA VOLUNTAS.

When Neumarck returned to Hamburg, it was with some vague, undefined idea that a turn was coming in his fortunes. Worse they could scarcely be than they had proved themselves for the last three months, so he might well hope that they would now become better. But the experience of a few days dispelled all these illusions, and it was with something nearly akin to despair that he regarded the near approach of winter. Already in debt to his landlord for his room, wretched though it was, he saw little hope of being able to pay, even by installments, what he owed. Old Solomon made him small advances on account of work to be done, exacting heavy interest in the shape of hard service ill-paid.

At last the crisis which Neumarck had long dreaded came. The landlord refused to wait for the balance of his debt, and Solomon declined to lend the money without some deposit of value. But George had only one article in his possession worth money—his viol, Simon Dach's gift, the masterpiece of the first Tielke.

It was a hard struggle, harder than even old Solomon imagined—not that he would have been melted to pity if he had suspected the depth of George's pain, for he had long desired to get this viol into his hands, and had instigated the landlord to press for his money.

George took up his instrument for the last time. Now it would pass into profane hands, from which it was doubtful his ever recovering it. Solomon had promised faithfully to keep it only as a pledge until Neumarck could redeem it, but George knew the Jew too well to rely on his promises. Now he was losing his last friend—one who used to speak or be silent, be merry or be joyful, just as the master's will required. In long hours of loneliness the viol had been his friend and companion, strengthening him when faith failed, upholding him when strength deserted him. Since Janotha left—and how to-day he missed her she would have rejoiced to know—the viol had been the only acquaintance that never looked coldly when he was shabby, never stung him because he was poor. And not always a dumb, passive friend, but oftentimes an active one, bringing messages from some far-off, invisible comforter that never yet had failed him in his hour of need. Sometimes the viol seemed to have the gift of speech, and, if not original in its sentiments, had a happy gift of making apt quotations.

But delaying over the sacrifice could only prolong the struggle. Not daring to dwell any more upon the subject, Neumarck hurried down-stairs and up to the High Street, to Solomon's little dingy room in which bargains were struck. The little Jew was in close conversation with a stranger when George entered, and he had to wait his turn for being dealt with. What a miserable half-hour that was, with the agony prolonged of parting with his treasure! By the time that Solomon was at leisure, and came forward, Neumarck was sick to his very soul. He listened to Solomon's eager promises to keep the viol until summer came round again, and the city musicians mustered once more. George could not believe him; he knew it was a last parting with his viol. The bargain was struck; the money changed hands. George begged leave to play it once more—have one more luxurious moment before he left—and Solomon was only too eager he should indulge himself quickly and go quite away.

George took up the bow. What so suitable as the hymn tune that had strengthened his own faith more than once, and comforted the old cobbler when passing into the dark valley? Never had he needed comfort more than now, and, though the tone brought a crowd of recollections that made his hand tremble, he went through to the end—

"Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten."

When he had finished he laid down the instrument and walked away.

"Ut fiat divina voluntas," he said, bowing his head and leaving the room. On the staircase he ran against the man with whom Solomon had so recently been in conversation. He was apparently waiting until George should leave.

"My good friend," the man said, "I like what you have just played. Is the music to be bought, and where can I have it?"

"It is my own," said George, "but you are welcome to it. I am glad it pleases you."

"But you must let me pay," said the stranger; "besides, I have had the rare treat of hearing you play. Ah! if I could do but half as well as that, my fortune would be made. I am in the service of a master who expects every one in his service to sing and play, and if I did not diligently seek other means of retaining his favor, I should long since have been cast out as an unprofitable servant."

"Fortunes are hard to make," said Neumarck, sadly; "but if a copy of the tune will help yours, you shall have it, if you meet me here to-morrow at this hour. No, no money. You do not know the history of that tune. It has done what money never did do, never could do."

And George went home to try and reconcile himself to his loss. The next day, when he went to keep his appointment at Solomon's, his viol was there no longer, and the stranger failed to appear.

Solomon had a long, ill-constructed story of how a great man wished for the viol, and he had been obliged to give it up. Poor Jews had in this world a troublesome time. To offend a great man might cost him all his fortune—nay, even life itself; which was so far true in the century of which we write, that George was obliged to accept the explanation, and have his worst fears confirmed, that he and his beloved viol had parted company forever.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SINGING BAKER.

"Janotha," said the Baroness von Rosenkrantz one day to her attendant, the little lutaniste, "have you heard all about the wonderful singing baker? I am dying to hear him; all the town is talking of him, and I should so much like to judge of him for myself."

"Madam can command his attendance at the Residenz when she pleases," Janotha answered. "He ought to be proud to be allowed to come and sing for your Excellency."

"That is exactly what I do not care for," said the mistress, who was a willful young lady in her way. "He would come dressed in his Sunday clothes, and give himself company manners, which would certainly spoil the whole music. No, I want to hear him in the shop, where he sings every day to the customers who come to buy his master's bread. It is as much to see the people I desire as to hear him. It must be something very wonderful that makes the women forget it is time to go home with the bread, and the men stand waiting instead of going home to dinner. The Baron is as fond of music as any man in Germany, but he would not go without his dinner when the hour came for it—no, not for all the songs that ever were sung."

"But, Madam," Janotha said, "you could not hear him in the shop unless you went on foot, and stood among the crowd, and that would be impossible."

"Not the least impossible," the Baroness said. "That is exactly what I want to do."

"But what would people say? It would be too dreadful to think of, the Baron's lady in a crowd, among the stone-masons, the brass-workers, and the wood-carvers of Bremen."

"But I do not intend that any one shall know who I am, and no one but you must know about it. Your cloak would be too short, so you must get me one of Frau Fertigen's without her knowledge, and a hood of yours drawn closely over my head. If my skirt is too gay, I must have one of yours to wear, and we shall look like two friends. You shall stand close by me all the time, ask all the questions, and answer if any one speaks to me, so that no one shall hear my voice, or know that I am not one of the people."

Janotha shook her head and protested. She was most unwilling to be a party to such an escapade.

"The Baron, Madam, if he came to hear of it, what would he say?"

The Baroness laughed. "He shall hear of it, for I shall tell him myself when we come home. Angry! Not he. Don't you know, child, that he loves me, and is never angry with anything that I say or do. I have only to give him a kiss, and it is all right again. I used to wonder if I should ever have such a beautiful chapter in my life; and now that it has come, it is like a fairy story."

Janotha sympathized, hesitated, and at last, having no alternative, agreed. Her mistress was her mistress, and must be obeyed.

Disguised as two bourgeoises, the Baroness and her attendant went out by a side entrance of the Residenz, and by a back gate gained the street of the town. Janotha had previously explored the route, so they could hurry along quickly and in silence. The Baroness was enjoying the adventure; Janotha trembled with apprehension lest something unpleasant should happen to her mistress, for which undoubtedly she would be held responsible. The shop was in the market square, and to it they turned their steps, easily recognizing it by the people who stood about the door, some leaning against it outside, others moving about impatiently waiting their turn for admittance.

Monster shops, not to speak of large stores, were unknown in those days, so the shop was small, and only accommodated a few people at a time. It was just at the hour for the children returning to school, and they stopped to swell the crowd outside, while within were workmen who lingered on their way from dinner to work; and several stout countrywomen, who had come to market to sell their produce and lay in household necessaries, stood mounting guard over their baskets.

No one dreamed of coming into Bremen, on any business whatsover, without calling at the baker's shop to hear the wonderful young assistant he had got, who sang so beautifully that no one could pass the door without turning in, and the baker's wife could sell off her bread as fast as it was brought out of the oven, never a loaf left over.

Janotha pushed her way into the crowd, her mistress keeping close behind her, the latter squeezing her maid's arm at intervals to signify her pleasure at having succeeded so far so well.

For the baker was singing—at the very height of his performance—amid a breathless silence.

But it would have been a sharp pinch just then that would have made any impression on Janotha. Her ears and all her attention were enchained by the melody she heard, and she tried to stand on tiptoe to get a sight of the singer.

"What a pity it is that you are not taller," Janotha," whispered her mistress. "I wish you could see him; he is very nearly handsome, and would be such a charming lover for you."

Janotha scarcely heard. She craned her neck and tried for a sight, but in vain. It was useless trying, for two stout burghers were between her and the object of her curiosity. At last her impatience got the better of her discretion; she could bear it no longer, and, slipping herself free from her mistress's clasp, she stooped down and crept out under the arms of the men in front.

It was but a minute or two until she had worked her way back again beside the Baroness. Her eyes were staring, her face crimson, and her usually respectful and demure behavior altogether altered. She caught the Baroness by the arm.

"Come, Madam, oh! dear Madam, come away, pray come away."

The Baroness was too much surprised, too much impressed by Janotha's manner, to hesitate. There must be some reason for this agitation, and as it could not be connected with an insignificant person like her maid, it must have reference to herself. It was well, then, to get out of the crowd as quickly as possible; and, faster by a great deal than they had made their way into the shop, they squeezed themselves out, and walked quickly towards home.

"What is it all about?" asked the Baroness, when she had recovered her breath. "What was wrong? Why have we come away?"

"Oh! the thief!" cried Janotha. "Oh! the wicked, wicked monster! Oh, the wretch! to pretend that he composed that tune! It is just what Franz Uttmann would do, for he was always untruthful. It is Master George's hymn, 'Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten'—Master Neumarck, Madam, my master, you know, who is the great musician at Hamburg. Master Neumarck used to play it in the evenings, and Franz Uttmann has learned it when with Barbara. Oh, I see it all now."

In comparison with English, the German language is rich in expletives. There is, besides, a rich mine of abusive language to be found in stringing together hard words, and bestowing them as reproaches on one who is an enemy. Janotha availed herself of these resources to the uttermost. Never had she found such command of language before; never had her vocabulary proved itself to be so copious.

The Baroness first looked at her in silent amazement, then, taking in the situation, she burst into a peal of laughter.

To see Janotha thus moved, was like touching some favorite instrument, and hearing it give forth new strange tones.

They reached the Residenz in safety, and passed in by the side entrance. Hurrying up to the private apartments of the Baroness, that she might get rid of her disguise, she found herself in her anteroom confronted by her husband, who stared at her for a minute or two, scarcely trusting to the evidence of his own eyes. At this hour of the day he was generally engaged in State business, and his wife had confidently reckoned on reaching her own room, getting rid of her disguise, and being able to tell her own story, after her own version, at some future time. Confession is one thing; but detection, in spite of good intentions to be open and above board eventually, is another.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEUMARCK'S VIOL DA GAMBA.

"Hey, Madam!" the Baron said, looking at his wife's attire, "what is all this?"

"Rodolph," she said, going up to him, and putting her hand on his arm, "I have been to hear the singing baker. I was dying with curiosity, so I went down to the market-place. He has a beautiful voice, there is no doubt of that, but puts on such airs and graces—grimaces like a monkey. You really must see him. But I did not hear more than half of the beautiful tune, for Janotha dragged me away."

The Baron did not know whether to be angry or not. He looked towards the waiting-maid, half disposed, if sternness were necessary, to visit her with his wrath.

"Oh! please your Highness," Janotha said, replying to the look, and coming forward, "he is a wicked man, a very bad man, and all the worse for pretending that he loves hymns and writes them. He is a thief, your Highness, who does not speak a word of truth—never did, unless by accident. Oh! if it pleases your Excellency to have him put in prison, chained up, and commanded never to sing again as long as he lives."

The Baron von Rosencrantz looked mystified. "I do not make it out," he said to his wife. "Can you? Is she ill? Is her brain all right?"

"Yes, I think I understand her. She has got a touch of a complaint I once had when people said unjust things of you. It began in my heart, and then mounted to my brain, just as it is with her now. Don't you remember when people tried to prove you were not inclined to do your duty to your country? The song of the baker which he professes to have composed is by an old friend of my lutaniste's, her old master, and she is jealous for his honor."

And the Baroness accompanied her words with a little caress that was not without its effect on her husband, and reminded him more effectually than her words could have done, of the circumstance to which she alluded.

He smiled lovingly at her, taking her hand in his, and answering Janotha's appeal.

"I am not sufficiently powerful to do all you ask, Mademoiselle," he said; "but would it not answer the purpose quite as well if we could discover some way of setting your friend's reputation right? Could we not help him to his justly merited honors?"

"If only you would!" Janotha cried imploringly, clasping her hands, and wondering if kneeling to the Baron would be the correct way of acknowledging his goodness, and stimulating still further his sense of justice. It could do no harm, she thought, so down she dropped, crying out as she did so—

"Master George Neumarck, your Excellency, the greatest musician in Hamburg—in all Germany," she added, amending her proposition; "if you will only send to Königsberg, and ask his old teacher, Master Simon Dach, who is the Professor of Poetry in the University there, what sort of a man is George Neumarck. All great and learned men can tell you about him. Master Heinrich Schütz, the father of German music, who is at Dresden, will testify, and so will Master Jean Bach, who is musician at Erfurt to the Duke of Gotha. And is not his brother Christopher, who is Court musician at Eisenach, a person to give an opinion? And do not omit Master Froberger also, the Court organist at Vienna, ask him, and ask all these others, what they think of George Neumarck. Did not Master Heinrich Bach say, when he came out of Italy, that he had been there two years, and never met a gambist who could touch the strings like Master George Neumarck? And Carissimi—your Excellency has heard of Carissimi?"

Janotha spoke so rapidly, and was in such terrible earnest, that the amusement on the Baron's face was lost upon her.

To most women comes at least one moment in life that is supreme in happiness. To Janotha it seemed as if this were hers; she might never have another, but this she had had at all events, the realization of the dreams of all the years when she had played the lute under Neumarck's instruction in her grandmother's cottage, when she sat beside him in the Church of St. Jacobi, when she slipped her farewell to him under the door of his attic—that one day it might be her good fortune to do him a great service, something equal to his deserts, something that it should be her privilege to give him, possible for no one else.

"One can see how it is," said the Baron good-humoredly to his wife; a man whose own first moon of happiness had scarcely waned was naturally indulgent in a case like this.

"Get up, child; we shall have it all inquired into. If your master has done nothing else, he has made you acquainted with many great names and given you reverence for them."

Janotha stood up, a little abashed by his tone of voice. It was too careless to fit in with a mood so highly strung as hers just then.

"See," said the Baron, turning to his wife, and lifting a handsome viol da gamba from the table near him, "what do you think of that for an instrument? If its tone be as good as its body is beautiful, I have got a treasure. Here, little one, see if you have learned to know a good viol when you see it."

Janotha moved towards her mistress, who had taken the instrument in her hand, and gazed at it earnestly. Certainly it had a beautiful exterior. The wood was all inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, tortoise-shell, and silver, in a design that represented a mythological subject, figures of Venus, Apollo, Mercury, Diana, etc. The finger-board was so peculiar, all beautiful scrolls and arabesques, that Janotha felt sure that she was right in recognizing it. There could be no counterpart of it in the world.

She uttered a great cry. "It must be so," she exclaimed; "there is only one viol da gamba decorated like that. May I look at it, Madam?" she asked, holding out her hand imploringly.

The Baroness gave it to her, and she turned it over. If proof were needed it was there in the words, "Tielke, Hamburg, fecit. 1580."

"Perhaps," said the Baron, jocularly, "I too am a thief. It may be that this also belongs to Master Neumarck?"

Janotha's misery rendered her speechless.

"Either he is dead, or in great trouble," she wailed out, forgetting in whose presence she stood, and everything but her old master's fate, and bursting into a torrent of tears.

"He is not dead, my good girl—that I can assure you," said the Baron; "so dry up your tears. On the contrary, he is alive, and, I dare say, living merrily on my golden pieces."

"He may be alive," sobbed Janotha; "but he cannot be living merrily. Without his viol that would be impossible."

"Gutig has the latest intelligence of him," said the Baron; "and please, Mademoiselle, do not give way——"

Then the Baroness judiciously led her little maid from the room. She might injure her own cause if the Ambassador lost patience, and the Baroness was full of sympathy for her attendant's anxiety, for she had but recently passed through some troubles of her own. But even the best of men—one of whom she admitted her husband to be—might wax impatient under the lutaniste's unrestrained emotion. If women must weep, as the song would say, most men would prefer that they should select opportune moments, when there are no spectators, and not unfelicitous ones, when cheerfulness is particularly desirable.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PRESENTATION AT COURT.

It was a month, and a little more, after these events. A great musical *fête* was to be held at Bremen, on the occasion of a visit to Baron Rosenkrantz of the Grand Duke Frederick the Third of Holstein. The Swedish Ambassador was bringing a new conductor, who had written a grand piece of music for the choir, to be played on every instrument then known in Germany. This new director was poet as well as musician, being one of the productive society of Königsberg, and a brother of the Palm Order. He was also one of the new society founded by Herr Kist, poets and musicians who called themselves "The Swans of the Elbe;" and there was to be quite a grand muster of the flock to enroll the Duke of Holstein among their number.

Thirty years had been the life-time of a whole generation, during which time there had been no merrymaking throughout the country. The wonder was, that either musicians or poets remained to cultivate the arts, now that peace had come.

There was such an interesting story connected with the new Court musician. It had gone all abroad—and, coming from the Residenz, must needs be true—that the song sung by the baker's foreman, and claimed by him as his own composition, belonged of right to the musician of Hamburg. The fickle people, who used to crowd the shop to hear the handsome young man sing, had ceased to come, and carried their custom to another shop. Nay, more than that, it was now discovered that the bread in that shop had never been good, never fair money's worth, and that Uttmann had been employed to sing people's suspicions to rest. In self-defense, to prove himself an honest tradesman, the baker had to dismiss his foreman, who hurried away from the town with all speed. Not only was he without employment, but whenever he showed himself in public, people twitted him with the deception, and asked him when he meant to write another song. So, as the real man was coming to claim his laurels, Fritz made his way with all speed out of the town.

It was characteristic of Janotha that she should ask her mistress to have silence kept towards Neumarck as to the part she had in his promotion. Not estimating herself too highly, she considered that it would do her master so much more good if he thought his genius had been at last acknowledged. Faithful little pupil! who knew so well as she did that Neumarck, great in adversity, would be ten times as great in prosperity? She had not studied the artistic temperament in vain; she had learned that there are people to whom encouragement is inspiration, and depressing influences intellectual death.

But too well she knew that she had never been a necessity in his life. Hers was a place far below Barbara Etterlein, and far outside his art. The effect of loneliness and comparative isolation she had not calculated; that he should have missed her sympathy, she could not dare to flatter herself. In this lowly estimate of herself, she found self-abnegation easy. Love had made her sight keen. Well she knew that she was as nothing in comparison with rosy-cheeked Barbara. She would not have felt it so keenly, if only the love of his art had absorbed him, and come between him and her; but there was a something else, a figure she could not reverence as she did art, and it bore the name of Barbara Etterlein.

Next to the Baron himself, the chief musician would be most highly thought of at the Bremen *fête*. The Baron would rule in the ceremonies, but Neumarck would be supreme in what Simon Dach called "the kingdom of mind."

And it was she, Janotha Tielke, the poor little lace-maker, the devout worshiper of her master, who had made his fortune. No matter what came to her afterwards, nothing could deprive her of the satisfaction born of this knowledge, that she had punished his rival and exalted him. Janotha was essentially a woman, and her sex love exceedingly small revenges; while they are often indifferent to large questions, the triumph in small ones brings intense satisfaction.

It was with trembling hands that Janotha dressed herself in her very grandest dress to receive George Neumarck, who was to be presented by her to the Baron. The Baroness had arranged it all, and was enjoying the romance of the occasion with her whole heart. She desired her lutaniste to put on the very best dress that she possessed, for this was no ordinary oc-

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casion, and Janotha was only too happy to obey her. There was the Grandmother's old Court-dress, the silk brocade with the point-lace trimmings, that was now her granddaughter's property. The only fear the little girl had was, that this much-venerated dress was too grand for her to wear, unless at some Court ceremony, when she attended her mistress in public.

But Court-dresses were not such objects of wonder to the Baroness, who had been familiarized with them from childhood. And even if cloth of gold had been in store, studded with jewels, it would have been called into requisition on this occasion, so eager was the mistress to give brilliancy to the ceremony.

"Too magnificent! Not in the least. The Baron desires Master Neumarck shall be received with great honor, and all the Court will be standing round him when you bring in the musician."

The last touches added to her toilet by the kind hands of her mistress, Janotha took up her place in the corridor, where she was to meet her master.

Looking down at her own dress, she grew a little anxious how George would be turned out, and half wished herself shabbier, lest she should look more prosperous than he. For her personal gratification, she should have liked him best in his old suit, the one he wore when he came to the Grandmother's cottage, and unfolded to her the wonders of art. For his own advantage, she desired that he should look the man of greatness; he who was to command was to impress others with a sense of his superiority; and she was worldly-wise enough to know that the old clothes would not answer this purpose. It was then, as it had been in times older than those, that the poor man in vile raiment is not asked to seat himself beside him that hath the gold ring and the goodly apparel.

As George Neumarck ascended the grand staircase, the chamberlain, under orders from his mistress, motioned him to turn aside, enter a gallery, and go forward.

At the end of this corridor was a flight of steps, and at the top stood the Baroness's maid of honor. Something that the chamberlain had said George had caught, but not all. This young lady was doubtless one of the Court—a person of importance in the suite of her Excellency. The light was dim, and only a general sense of an imposing appearance struck George. He was full of anxiety as to his own behavior, and how he should be able to please his new master. Preparing to salute the grand young lady respectfully and pass on, George put up his hand to remove his cap; but the next moment two smiling eyes met his, and he recognized his old pupil. But how transformed she was! When he saw her last, she was a shy, awkward little village girl, wearing a peasant's dress of the cheapest description and plainest make. Here she was a young lady, looking like one of those princesses, far removed above him in rank, that he had only hitherto seen at a distance when he performed in public.

"Janotha!" he exclaimed, and then added with a stammer, the result of a rapid glance at the maid of honor—"Mademoiselle!"

"No, no!" she cried, dreading that the brocade and point-lace would work her ill, feeling instinctively his tone of voice—"No, no; the old name, please. I am to have the honor of taking you in—of presenting you to his Excellency—if I may," she added, her eyes sparkling with happy tears she could not keep back.

He could not speak for surprise. As yet he had not quite realized what joy it was to him besides. He took her two hands in his, and Janotha, looking down, saw that he had her lace ruffles on his wrists.

That was yet one more supreme moment in the little girl's life.

In a second it flashed across her mind, and the thought made all the walls around her swim before her eyes. George had been so poor that he had sold his viol, but he had still kept the lace she had woven for him.

His eyes followed hers down, and he remembered the ruffles.

"The day has come, Janotha, the day that you prophesied for me, and prepared me for. I am dressed up in your dear gift, ready to make a grand appearance in the world."

"I wove a hope for that future for you into every bride of the lace," she replied simply, scarcely aware how full a revelation of herself she made. The reality had come, and it was far beyond her wildest dreams.

When two people are supremely happy in each other, it matters little what are the precise words they speak with respect to wisdom. Great utterance, heavily weighted with profundity, can well be left for those who have their intellectual faculties under full control.

"What a fine young lady you have grown into!" George said, holding her hands still, and looking her up and down from head to foot. "I should hardly have known you."

"And into what a fine gentleman you have grown!" she repeated. "But I am quite sure I should have recognized you, Court-dress or not."

For George was dressed as a kapellmeister ought to be, and looked every inch his new dignity. The Mechlin lace ruffles were not out of place, but exactly what his rank demanded.

"But come," Janotha said; "the Baron waits. When you are dismissed, you will be shown to an anteroom, and you will find me there waiting for you."

Then she stepped forward, and, lifting a heavy curtain, entered the presence-chamber, George in a kind of dream following her, and trying to fall into the manner in which his former pupil showed the result of her Court training.

"I have the honor to present to your Excellencies Master George Neumarck," she said; and it was fortunate for her that no more was required of her just then, for she felt further speech would be incoherent. Court etiquette forbade her breaking out into ecstatic laughter, into clapping her hands and dancing, as she longed to do; but it did not oblige her to remain longer in the room. So she fell back after the introduction was made, and escaped from the presence-chamber.

Meantime, George's new patrons talked to him, asked him of his past, told him of Janotha's share in his present, and prophesied fame for him in the future.

Janotha had, she believed, yet another supreme moment in store for herself.

When George was dismissed from his audience, he was shown, as Janotha had said, to the antechamber. There he found her.

"Master George," she said, "my good master, his Excellency the Baron, commissions me to present you with this."

It was his own old viol da gamba that she put into his hands, the loss of which had been the one drop of comfort wanting to fill George's cup of happiness when promotion came to him. Never a day, never an hour had passed since he parted with his beloved instrument, that he had not longed for it again. He had wanted it to console him in the worst depths of his poverty and loneliness; he had longed for it to talk with of his good fortune when it came. Properly to thank Heaven for prosperity without his viol's voice, was to him impossible. Ignorant of the fact that to it in a measure he owed the turn in his fortunes, he bitterly reproached himself with having sold Simon Dach's gift. It was like traitorship to friendship parting with the viol, and he found it impossible to forgive himself. Far and near had he made inquiries, and tried to trace the man he knew must have bought it of old Solomon, but the wily son of Jacob refused to give a single clew. For a moment George stood looking at his treasure. Of all the surprises this day in store for him, surely this was the greatest. There could be nothing more after this.

He gazed silently at the Venus, the Apollo, the Daphne. He turned it all over. There could be no mistake; not only did Neumarck, like Janotha, know the old viol well—had it by heart, as it were—but there were the words incised in the wood of the case—"Tielke, Hamburg, fecit. 1580."

"Are you not pleased?" she asked, timidly. "I thought you would like to have it back again—that it would make your happiness to-day quite complete." There was a shade of disappointment in her voice, and she added, in a hurt tone, "I thought you would have taken it to your very heart, you loved it so much."

"Yes," he answered, "it has been very dear to me, but——"

"But what?" she asked, as he paused.

"But it is not quite the dearest thing in life to me," he said, taking one of her hands. "My happiness would be complete if——" And again he paused.

Janotha's heart fluttered. Yes, of course, she might have known it. Without Barbara, nothing could be quite perfect. And she had never once remembered Barbara throughout that whole day. Was the cup of happiness to be rudely dashed from her lips just when she had taken a little sip? Well, if the knife were to come, she would plunge it in herself.

"Some one——?" And she hesitated.

"Yes," he answered, impulsively. "It is dear to me, but not half so dear as you are, Janotha." He dropped, almost flung, the viol on the floor at his feet, and caught her in his arms. "I would rather take you to my very heart, best and truest of girls."

"But, George!" Janotha exclaimed, struggling to release herself; "Barbara—Barbara Etterlein!"

"What of her?"

"I thought you cared for her first, and the viol next—your art, you know."

"I do not care for her—I had forgotten her; and all the viols in the world are worthless in comparison with you. As to art——"

George did not finish his sentence, at least in words. Janotha ceased to struggle, and was convinced gladly, as she was clasped in his arms, that the first place was hers.

Talk of supreme moments for a woman after that one, and those that immediately followed it!

The viol da gamba was a very grand instrument, and occasionally, under skillful hands, eloquent.

Art is also grand in its way—very fine to live for—and may, under favorable circumstances, leave work for Fame to do afterwards.

But Mother Nature is older than Art, and, when she chooses to assert herself, a great deal wiser. The little maid of honor considered her infinitely kinder and her inspirations coming from grander depths.

It was a new hymn, one for which no composer was needed, that no teacher ever taught—the one old story that has been from the beginning, and bears such constant repetition.

It was scarcely fair of the Baron and Baroness to follow Neumarck to the anteroom, and peep in at the door. Only for a few minutes, however; and, laughing, they closed the door softly, and came away.

"If that viol survives such treatment," said the Baron, "it is indeed a masterpiece."

That evening, Master Neumarck and his old pupil played and sang for their master and mistress, Janotha on the beautiful lute that had once been her own.

"I am not so generous as my husband, Master Neumarck," said the Baroness. "I cannot bring myself to restore my lute to its original owner."

"Certainly not, Madam!" Janotha exclaimed, eagerly. "It is beautiful, I know, but there are other things in life much better, and you have given me what is worth thousands of lutes. In fact, your Excellency, Master Neumarck and I are of opinion we ought to resign the viol to you, we are so grateful."

"Nothing of the kind," said the Baron. "I had not it long enough in my possession to grow fond of it; and as your brother Joachim is one day to revive the glories of the Tielkes at Hamburg, he shall make me a special viol da gamba for myself. Now let us have the hymn once more, as a slumber-song for every one."

And Janotha thought it was a most beautiful world into which she had dropped. Those old goddesses on George's viol, how often she had envied the grand freedom of their lives, and contrasted her daily struggles with their absence of all control. Now, she found something far more entrancing in a story of her own day than she had ever found in any of those old mythologies, even though it was from George Neumarck she first had learned about them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BARBARA ETTERLEIN'S LACE.

BARBARA's lace was finished at last, and the lace postman came to take it away, and to pay her the money promised for it. As the time had drawn near when her grand visions for the future were to be realized, Barbara's anxiety grew absolutely feverish. She could scarcely sleep or eat, so intense was her anxiety for the great *dénouement*. Having such unshaken confidence in herself, so thorough a belief in her own infallibility, the groundlessness of all the hopes she cherished had not yet been borne in upon her. As confidently as she lay awake in the mornings, knowing that day would dawn, so certain was she that her fortunes were interwoven with that long piece of lace, and that with its conclusion a new life for her would begin. When the colporteur was measuring her work, she was scarcely conscious of what he did; and when he found fault with the unevenness of the last half-yard, and reduced the payment in consequence, she did not care in the least. This lace was only the secondary event of the day; how could she attend to it when the primary one—the great dream that was to be realized—had yet to come off? Mechanically she counted the gold rix-dollars, and tried to look as if she were occupied with them, but they were only half real to her. As if in a far-off distance, she listened to her mother's gossip with the peddler, and felt she had no part or lot in it.

At last one word struck upon her ear—it was the word "Dark Brown Pink." Barbara started round. Surely the messenger could not be the Pink himself?

But no, the man spoke of him in the third person, and mentioned him with the reverence accorded to persons of exalted rank and station.

"He is a great musician," said the lace-man, "a great poet besides, and speaks all manner of foreign tongues. My master, the Baron, has made him his secretary, with a hundred golden thalers a year as payment. And Duke William, who is building a great library at Weimar, which will be finished in two years' time, has asked the Dark Brown Pink to go down and be librarian. The wedding? Oh! that is over; but the festivities were put off until the Duke of Holstein could come to Bremen."

Barbara's face flushed. Surely something would happen now. Would he not come soon and claim her?

Breathlessly she stood, only asking a few questions about the bride—if she had had a grand dress at her wedding, and if there had been lace trimming upon it. The great musical festival—when would it be? In that she hoped to have a place, though strangely enough, the wedding had gone over without her lace being required. But the lace-man took his leave, and Barbara, with a chilly feeling for which she could not quite account, was sitting with the gold pieces in her lap, wondering what would happen next.

But nothing came of it all. The unexpected always happens, the expected never does.

It was from her neighbors Barbara had her first disillusion. The hints she had dropped had taken such decided form, that her acquaintances believed in the grand future just as did Barbara herself, and were exceedingly inquisitive upon the subject. The delicacy that forbears to ask unwelcome questions is born of a much higher civilization than that with which Barbara was familiar. The house was beset for two or three days by eager inquirers, all probing the wound that was festering in Barbara's soul. Life became a burden to her under her disappointment. She was conscious of the jeers and laughs of her neighbors at her expense—mockery that constantly recalled her folly to her mind, yet came no nearer to bringing a solution of the mystery.

At last her resolution was taken. She had money enough for a journey, and could afford to pay her passage to Bremen.

But even if she made her journey by land, and had to foot every mile of the way, she would go herself, be present at the musical festival, and come face to face with the Dark Brown Pink of Königsberg. Nor was she without one friend at least at Bremen, for the fame of her old lover's singing had been sent back to Hamburg, how greatly Uttmann was admired in his new home, and her heart whispered that he at least would give her welcome.

She had been perhaps rather too haughty in her treatment of this former admirer, but she had still quite sufficient faith in the power of her charms to risk the effect of a visit to him, and he had made many friends who would receive her on her arrival. Those disagreeable Hamburg people should never know that her visit had been a stolen march. She would never give them the satisfaction of knowing that she had gone without having had an invitation to be present at the festivities.

In those days the harbor of Bremerhaven had no existence, and the depth of water in the Weser was only sufficient to admit very small vessels. So Barbara found herself landed at Brake, in Oldenburg, and obliged to find her way to Bremen on foot, inquiring her road, and finding the short winter day closing in rapidly as she came near the town. The journey had been altogether more difficult than Barbara had expected, and she saw that people looked doubtfully at a young woman traveling by herself, who was reticent as to her name and destination. The last miles she had had to walk quickly, and for some hours had had no food. In her fatigue and disappointment she almost forgot the object of her journey, and thought only of finding Uttmann. For the time, the Dark Brown Pink was quite out of sight, in looking forward to a welcome and rest on meeting her other old lover.

She knew the name of the street, and his master's name also, for fame had blown them both to Hamburg; and, inquiring her way, the welcome sight of the baker's shop met her eyes, reviving her fainting spirit. She entered with renewed courage, and a fair display of her old jaunty, self-asserting manner. Had she but been aware how dirty, travel-stained, and generally unbecoming was her appearance, she would have faltered, rather than put her question with such assurance.

"The singing baker!" repeated the master of the shop, to whom she had spoken.

"The singing baker!" repeated his wife, who rushed out from a room behind the shop.

"The beautiful musician?" Barbara amended her query.

"The beautiful musician!" echoed husband and wife, and a laugh of derision answered her question, in which one or two customers standing in the shop joined. Five minutes of time sufficed to dispel rudely all Barbara's hopes. What was wrong she could not quite take in; her head swam; and as two or three people volunteered explanations at once, she failed to catch exactly the meaning of what was said. Only that Uttmann had been found out in something wrong; he had stolen something from the Baron's chief musician, the Dark Brown Pink, and had been chased out of the town in disgrace.

The baker's wife looked at Barbara with a decidedly disapproving eye, so plainly expressing the view she was taking of a young woman in her dirty disorderly dress coming at that hour in the evening to look for a young man whose character was doubtful, that Barbara abandoned her first idea of asking leave to rest for a few moments in the shop.

It was fortunate she did so, for the bench on which she so longingly cast her eyes was inseparably connected with Uttmann's memory, having been put up in the days of his early popularity to accommodate the better class of patrons who came to hear him sing.

Asking permission to buy a little bread, Barbara took it up, and crept slowly and wearily out of the shop. She knew not where to go, what to do, how to bear this unexpected blow. She wandered on dejectedly, eating her piece of bread, wet with the tears that rained down upon it, and at last found herself in one of the principal streets. It was full of people, more than on ordinary occasions could have thronged the streets of so small a town. The crowd was all hurrying in one direction, and Barbara unconscious of, and indifferent to what she did, allowed herself to be carried along in the throng. From a few remarks made in her hearing, she learned something that made her pulse beat, and restored something like her old energy to her spirit.

The new band of musicians that the Ambassador had brought together was to go in procession to the Rathhaus, where was to be held the great musical festival for which such preparation had been made. And the Baron's new kapellmeister, the Dark Brown Pink of Königsberg, was to march at the head of the band.

How Barbara gathered up her fainting strength, how she took courage once more, and felt that all was not yet over for her, may be imagined. Uttmann was lost, but the Dark Brown Pink was found—here, at last, coming up the street; and what was toil or trouble, what mattered either, when she had reached the goal at last?

Excitement lent her strength, and she hurried on, faster by far than any of those near and around her. Soon she had gone on far ahead of every one else, and found herself at a street corner where several roads met. Uncertain which to take, she paused irresolute, the evening darkness, rapidly closing in, bounding the distance to which she could see. Suddenly, from a street at a right angle with the one by which she had come, a fresh crowd of people appeared, bearing down on the spot on which she stood, right in the center of the cross roads. Before she could save herself, she was thrown down in the mud, and, struggling to recover herself, was pushed, driven, trampled upon, and rolled over and over in the soft mud of the roadway. Two or three kindly hands were stretched out to pull her up, and others cried out loud warnings to get out of the way. Her head was giddy; there was music sounding in her ears, but she was not sure if it were real, or only the effect of her fall. One more effort she made to struggle along, but fruitlessly, and again she fell down as before, in worse plight than ever. But this time she was lifted up quickly, and a man's voice called loudly for a halt.

It was the leader of the procession who gave the word of command, and it was instantly obeyed. Barbara looked up in her new friend's face. In spite of marvelously grand clothes, of the bright happy face, of the air of grandeur his sense of position gave him, she recognized her old lover from the Hamburg attic. At the same moment he knew her, or rather scarcely allowed himself to believe that it was she, the woman he had once thought to be indispensable, not to his happiness alone, but to his life itself.

"Fraulein," he stammered; and in that one word, not the "Mademoiselle" of his old adoring days, Barbara knew the change was irrevocable. Before he had added the word "Etterlein," she knew how low she had fallen in his estimation.

Barbara, overwhelmed with shame, burst into tears, murmuring something about bridal-lace that was utterly incomprehensible, even to herself.

"You here?" Neumarck asked with astonishment, in a voice that plainly reproved her, and had not the faintest ring in it of the old trembling adoration with which he used to approach the window-sill of her mother's house. What would she not have given to hear him stammer as he used to do?

For a moment he paused, as if embarrassed how to act; then, looking round and calling a servant, placed Barbara in his care, with instructions where she should be taken.

"My duty, Fraulein, obliges me to go on; but my servant will place you in the care of an old acquaintance, who will attend to your wants better than I could."

Barbara was only too thankful to be carried away from under those reproving eyes—and, above all, from herself—not to be obliged to think for her own wants any more.

By a quiet way to the Residenz the servant conducted her, and took her by a back entrance into the servants' quarters. Here, in a small room at the foot of a staircase, she was told by a woman servant to wait until some one should come—a quiet retreat for which Barbara was but too thankful, after the journey, the crowd, the mud, and the meeting with Neumarck.

It was nearly an hour afterwards, and Barbara's weariness had found rest in sleep, when she was awakened by the opening of the door. A flood of light from a lamp outside fell upon a figure standing in the door-way, and at the sight Barbara was wide awake in an instant.

Janotha Tielke, in all the magnificence of her grandmother's brocade and point-lace, with a diamond star—the Baron's gift—shining in her hair, was enough to open eyes much more weary than Barbara Etterlein's.

"Barbara!" Janotha cried, seizing her by both hands. "It was only just at this moment that George could tell me, and that I could be released from attendance upon her Excellency to come to you. How tired you look! Come up-stairs to my rooms, and tell me what has brought you here, and into this terrible plight. Only to think that any one we knew in other days should be in trouble or unhappiness to-night is too dreadful. It is George's and my betrothal, Barbara, and we should like to see every one else as happy as we are ourselves. But come away from this dull, cold room."

Now Barbara understood what had happened, and what a miserable little fool she had been, throwing away such a chance of greatness as never might come to her again. Neumarck a grand kapellmeister, and walking at the head of a procession he could make halt when he pleased!

And Janotha—yes, that was a terrible blow—to find her tricked out in her grandmother's Court-dress with the point-lace that Barbara had once proposed to herself to borrow, and looking every inch a lady! As she followed Janotha up-stairs her cup of misery was full, and it overflowed at the sight of the gold buckles that had been young Madam Tielke's now on her daughter's shoes.

"The little viper!" said Barbara to herself, not a spark of gratitude for Janotha's greeting within her breast. "Little viper, she will be dancing in those buckles; I have not a doubt of it."

When Janotha had given orders for her old acquaintance's comfort, she left her having to attend her mistress to the concert at the Rathhaus. Barbara improved the occasion by questioning the servants. many things were thus made clear to her—so clear that even her fatigue did not give her troubled mind rest in sleep.

Next morning she rose early, determined not to see either Neumarck or Janotha again. Never having had sufficient respect for genius to master the use of the pen, she could only express her thanks by leaving a message with the only servant she could find stirring at that hour.

It was the bath mistress, and she was preparing for the toilet of the Baroness an hour or two later. On a chair lay the Baroness's bathrobe, the morning dress in which she would pass from her sleeping room to the dressing-room. To Barbara's eyes it was a very fine dress, not so much so as Madam Tielke's brocade, but still it was something beyond the costume of a *bourgeoise*.

Barbara paused before it for a moment, and eagerly questioned the attendant as to the purpose of the dress. There was no mistake about it; her own lace was the trimming—the lace over which she had spent so many long days, and into the meshes of which she had woven so many false hopes and delusive dreams.

"Yes," replied the maid, telling her the occasion for which the dress was used; "and it is good enough for that, but no more. The lace! oh, it is only beggar's lace; my lady would never be seen out of her apartments in coarse, common geuse like that. I wonder very much at her wearing it at all; but her mother brought her up to be thrifty."

Poor Barbara! It was the last straw laid upon her load. Here was the lace she had told every one was to be for the wedding-dress, and it was only considered good enough for an *equipage de bain*.

Quickly she fled down-stairs, and out into the street, the chilly morning air scarcely effective to cool her burning cheeks. With eager feet she rushed along the road, in search of the way by which she had entered the town on the previous evening, and paused not until she had left Bremen and its inhabitants miles and miles behind her.

When Barbara returned home, she did not give much account of the wedding festivities. She told her friends that Janotha Tielke's airs and conceit had been too much for her; and she had had to come away, because George had been quite too attentive to her to please Mademoiselle. But all the time she used to say to herself—

"Little viper, little toad, little serpent! It was she who weaned away his affections from me!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END—A PERFECT CADENCE.

Happy people's lives have rarely any history in them; George Neumarck and Janotha his wife had come into smooth waters, had cast anchor, and found refuge in a quiet haven.

George remained with Baron Rosenkrantz for a year, and his worldly prosperity was great enough to enable him to return to Hamburg for a short time and publish his first book, which came out in 1652.

It contained a number of his verses, with the melodies to which they were to be sung, and the volume has an elaborate dedication to his patron's master, Alexander the First, King of Sweden.

In those days the publication of a book was a great event in a man's life, and not every scholar attained to such pre-eminence. Imagination can picture Neumarck's return to Hamburg among his old acquaintances, who had known him as a poor, struggling musician, eking out existence by mending violins.

Among the poems in this collection is one written at Dantzig in 1646—when all his worldly possessions were destroyed by fire—that expresses the same faith and trust that supported him afterwards through the dreary days at Hamburg.

In this volume Neumarck calls himself George Neumarck of Muhlhausen, which has led several authorities to write of him that he was born there. Major Crawford, in the biographical index to *The Irish Church Hymnal*, the notes to which have been added with great correctness, and after very careful research, states that the registry of Neumarck's birth has been found at St. Stephen's Church, Langensalza, but that soon after his birth his family removed to Muhlhausen.

Some idea of the importance attached to the publication of this collection of poems may be had from the care and cost bestowed upon bringing it out. The frontispiece, or rather vignette to the title-page, is a portrait of the author, so well engraved that many a modern artist would gladly claim it as his work.

The musician is represented seated beside a table, on which is an open music-book. In the background stands Apollo, with his lyre, giving instruction. Neumarck holds his viol da gamba in his left hand, and the bow in the right. A broad ribbon passes from the neck of the viol down to its base, ending in one or two knots.

The shabby coat of the early Hamburg days has given place to the full dress, in good condition worn by learned gentleman of that period. The coat has long skirts, like the modern frock-coat, but with elongated waist. It is buttoned down almost to the waist, and the skirt falling open shows long waistcoat flaps, trunk hose, and trousers reaching to the ankle, but very wide at the bottom, turning back. Continuing down from the trousers are stockings, or rather gaiters, in loose wrinkles falling over the shoes. The sleeves are short, slightly open, showing full under-sleeves of cambric with ruffles. The hair long, flowing down over the coat behind, and low on the forehead without parting, like the fringe that some ladies affect in the present day.

After remaining for a year with Baron Rosenkrantz as his secretary, Neumarck was appointed by Duke William the Fourth of Weimar librarian and secretary to the archives at Weimar, with a liberal salary.

In 1657, Neumarck again published at Jena a volume in which, according to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, appeared the first printed copy of the chorale, "Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten." It was in triple time, as given in *The Chorale Book for England*, and not in common time, as in the edition harmonized by Sebastian Bach three-quarters of a century later.

Another portrait of Neumarck besides the one published at Hamburg in 1652 is to be seen in a book published at Frankfurt in 1666. It gives head and bust, the face in profile. A scarf with medal suspended crosses the chest, and is tied in a bunch of loops upon the shoulder. The hair flows down behind, as in the portrait previously alluded to; and a small skull-cap rests on the head, rather towards the back. This is a more pleasing picture than that in which Apollo also is presented to the reader. The face wears a calm, sweet look, as if struggle were over, and the repose of middle life had commenced. The portrait is inclosed in an oval wreath of pinks, and bears the motto given to Neumarck by the Productive Society—"Useful and Entertaining."

Two years later was brought out at Nürnberg a volume containing records of the Productive Society, a list of its members, and specimens of their compositions. This book is profusely illustrated, some of the pictures being emblematical, others literal; among the latter, we may fairly conclude, is one representing the meeting of the members of the society round a festive board, in a large hall hung with portraits. Fétis, in his *Biographie Universelle*, speaks of a didactic work by Neumarck on musical composition, but it has never been quoted by musicians as an authority.

Rev. Theodore Kuebler, in his Historical Notes to *Lyra Germanica*, writes thus of the close of George Neumarck's life:—

"He did not remain long in Hamburg; for in the same year he was appointed by Duke William the Fourth, the noble protector of poetry, librarian and secretary in Weimar.

"He lived there very happily, composing almost to the end of his life many hymns and poems. Some of them, however, are very inferior to those of his earlier days, which were written during his afflictions.

"He died at Weimar in 1681, on the 8th of July, at the age of sixty years.

"Patience, implicit confidence in God is the gold thread of his hymns, as it was that of his life."

To Simon Dach it was given to see his old pupil prosperous and honored. He lived until 1659, and died after a long illness, during which time he was with great earnestness preparing for his end, which came peacefully to him on April 15th.

Of late years a fashion has arisen in art criticism of finding analogies between different branches of art. The painters talk of symphonies and arrangements, and the musicians of breadth and coloring. Those who have written of sacred music, especially that written centuries earlier than ours, have gone to dissertations upon early church architecture in order to find terms in which to express themselves clearly, and to account for features in a composition peculiar to some particular school or period.

In judging this one specimen of George Neumarck's compositions, the chorale, written at the saddest period of his life, the time of his greatest trial, yet almost the only one of his works known to posterity, we are driven back upon that canon of art at which some people sneer. The very central virtue of any work, either in poetry, painting, sculpture or architecture, is the dignity, purity, or beauty of its motive. It gives even to the external form a charm that cannot be borrowed from the outside, must come from some depths stirred by a spirit nothing less than divine. Our cathedrals stand as monuments to the influence of motive. With the early builders, work was a religious act: they meditated upon it long before the feeling took outward form. The humblest offices were performed in grave earnest spirit. There was no question of limiting the hours of work, or extracting the most unlimited payment; for the workers wrought with all their hearts in their work, and the impress of character was stamped on all that they did.

George Neumarck's hymn tune was born of motive; it was a cry from the depths of a sorrowful heart, when misery and mental trial weighed him down, and temptation almost mastered him. It has a ring in it that cannot fail to vibrate in the memories of those that hear it. It is epigrammatic in its conciseness; perfect in its comprehensiveness; more descriptive of sorrow than passionate in lamentation; yet not without a spirit of hopeful trust.

Year by year this tune grew more and more into the hearts of his countrymen, and during the first one hundred years nearly four hundred hymns were especially written to be sung to it. Sebastian Bach harmonized it several times. Mendelssohn introduced it into his "St. Paul's," with the words, "To Thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit."

No collection of tunes in England is considered to be complete without George Neumarck's tune. In *The Chorale Book for England* it is No. 134. In *Hymns Ancient and Modern*; in *The Hymnary*; in *The Irish Church Hymnal*; in *The Christian Hymnal*; in the *New Church Hymn Book*, what La Trobe, in his *Hymns for the United Brethren*, calls "the Æolian hymn of George Neumarck," it is found under the name of "Bremen." Sometimes it is given with a different title, such as "Moravia," in *The Congregational Psalmist*.

The Rev. Theodore Kuebler, previously alluded to, says in his Notes to *Lyra Germanica*—

"The hymn translated here has become Neumarck's most famous one. It spread rapidly among the common people, and at first without the author's name. It was sometimes ascribed to others, and even mutilated and disfigured, which induced him publicly to claim its authorship. . . . The pious wife of the Elector John George the Second of Saxony, Magdalena, Sybylla, is also reported to have sung it every morning and evening; and Duke Bernard of Coburg likewise used it for his private devotion, and when dying requested it to be sung, in which he joined, and then peacefully expired in 1706.

"Frederick William the First, King of Prussia, ordered it to be sung at his funeral, to show that he died a poor sinner, humbly supplicating God's mercy."

One more instance occurred in our own time of its being used at the funeral of an illustrious person, when the version harmonized by Mendelssohn in his oratorio of "St. Paul" was sung at the funeral of the late Prince Consort, December 23d, 1861.

Neumarck has slept in peace for two centuries. To hundreds who sing the sweet plaintive melody that he left behind him, he is nothing but a name. Thousands who love it, and have had it interwoven with old memories and dear associations, do not even know so much as who he was, and to whom they are indebted for the music. Yet it is, as Victor Hugo says of books—"Every man who writes a book, that book is

the man himself; whether he knows it or not, whether he wishes it or not, that is. In every work, whatever it may be, whether paltry or illustrious, a figure discovers itself—that of the writer. That is his punishment if he is little; it is his reward if he is great."

Neumarck was no genius, in the modern acceptation of the term. The colossal works of the masters who lived in the same century with him would have been impossible for him. He could have appreciated them, but could not have imitated or even distantly followed in their footsteps. To all appearance, his quiet life left no mark upon his generation; yet in his music there is a message to all struggling, faint-hearted, weary souls, that never fails to come home—it was a message to his kind, as Miss Proctor would write it.

The posthumous fame that is his was not what Simon Dach and his partial friends foretold for him, nor even what he himself dreamed of in sanguine moments.

The place held by this tune is singularly its own, one that money could not buy, nor the highest flight of Genius achieve; yet the centuries that have passed since it was written have been rich in production, lying veritably "behind us like a fruitful land reposed," as Tennyson puts it.

The ages come and go, but down through them all ring the notes of a plaintive song, that has a subtle power over all hearts, that soothes and consoles, and for sweet melody and rich harmony has no rival in all the great compositions that have come, or may yet come after it through all future time.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

No. 1.—Chapter II., Page 5.

Church Music in Germany in the Seventeenth Century.

The churches here are rich in revenues and ornaments, as images and stately organs, wherein they much delight. They are great lovers of musick, in so much that I have told 75 masters of severell sorts of musick in one church, besides those who were in the organ-gallery. Their organs are extraordinary large. I measured the great pipes in the organs of St. Catherine and St. James's Churches, and found them to be three foot three-quarters in circumference, and thirty-two foot long; in each of the organs there are two pipes five foot and eight inches round.—Carr's *Traveller in Hamburg*, 1688.

The large organ in the Albert Hall, Kensington, built by Willis, under the direction chiefly of Sir Michael Costa, is one of the finest in the world. It is 65 feet wide, 70 feet high, and 40 feet deep. There are 5 manuals, 111 stops, and 10,000 pipes, some 40 feet long and 30 inches in diameter, and some of the size only of a straw. Wind is supplied by two steam-engines. The orchestra will accommodate 4,000 performers. Each of the large pipes is said to have cost £200.

A comparison between these two organs is interesting, and gives some idea of the advanced musical science of Germany two hundred years ago.

"It is one of the most curious facts connected with the history of music," says Mr. Hullah, "that at the close of the Thirty Years' War Germany was found to be provided, and not at all insufficiently, with a body of very learned contrapuntists and skillful organists; proving, of course, that an art and science which one would picture to one's self as the very incarnation of political quiescence, had found diligent practitioners and students during the most sanguinary and protracted struggle that ever cursed a great and civilized nation. Such, however, was the case. The Thirty Years' War extended from 1618 to 1648. During those years Hans and Christopher Bach, Schütz, Scheidt, Scheidemann, and many others cultivated, practiced, and must have taught their art, since they were almost immediately succeeded by J. Amboise Bach, Kerl, Froberger, Theile, and Zackau, who in his turn became nothing less than the teacher of Handel.

"Again, skillful organists imply of necessity organs of a certain scale, completeness, and finish. Of all musical performers the organist is most at the mercy of his instrument, perfection in the complex mechanism of which is simply indispensable to effective performance. Before the middle of the seventeenth century the organ must have attained to something very like perfection in Germany. Indeed, before the expiration of the preceding century (the sixteenth), almost every essential peculiarity of the modern organ was invented—registers, stopped pipes, reed and various imitative stops, and pipes of small scale. So also the key-board had been extended to four octaves (nearly its present compass), and the pedal-board (an invention of the fifteenth century) had been universally adopted. It would be reasonable to suppose that during the Thirty Years' War more organs were destroyed than built, yet it is certain that it was in the course of the seventeenth century that Germany became, above all others, the land of great organs and great organists.

"Nor were the domestic keyed instruments less cultivated in Germany, at the epoch of which I am speaking, than those whose use was limited to Divine worship. Several of the organists whom I have named were able to touch with equal skill and hardly less science the clavicytherium, the clavichord, and the spinet."—Hullah's *History of the Transitional Period of Musical History*.

No. 2.—Chapter III., Page 5.

Musical Instruments.

"It is generally and justly admitted," says Mr. Carl Engel, "that in no other branch of the art of music has greater progress been made since the last century than in the construction of musical instruments. Nevertheless, there are people who think that we have lost something here which might with advantage be restored. The various instruments, by being more and more perfected, are becoming too much alike in quality of sound, or in that character of tone which the French call *timbre* and the Germans *klangfarbe*, and which Professor Tyndall, in his lectures on sound, has translated *clang-tint*. Every musical composer knows how much more suitable one clang-tint is for the expression of a certain emotion than another. Our old instruments, imperfect though they were in many respects, possessed this variety of clang-tint to a high degree. Neither were they on this account less capable of expression than the modern ones. That no improvement has been made during the last two centuries in instruments of the violin class is a well-known fact. As to lutes and cithers, the collection at Kensington contains specimens so rich and mellow in tone as to cause musicians to regret that these instruments have entirely fallen into oblivion."

No. 3.—Chapter VI., Page 7.

Torchon Lace.

Among the old arts which have excited of late a revived interest, that of lace-making is one of the latest in the field of popular favor, but it bids fair to establish itself for some years to come. The difference between the old lace of the early workers, and that with which our dress-makers load our dresses at the present time, is that one was an art learned painfully and perfected individually, while the other is a manufacture which machinery has made common and brought within the reach of every woman's purse. But it is today as it was in Dr. Johnson's time, when he compared lace to a branch of learning—"Greek, sir, is like lace; every one gets as much of it as he can."

The geuse lace made by the German girls in the early part of the seventeenth century was not a fashionable kind in Dr. Johnson's day, though under its modern name of "torchon" it has now come into use, and is much used for trimming ladies' and children's dresses and *lingerie*. In the Erzegebirge a great deal of torchon lace is still made upon the pillow, but our English markets are chiefly stocked with loom imitations. According to Mrs. Palliser—

"Geuse is a thread lace, which owed to its simplicity the name it bore. The ground was net-work (*à réseau*), the flowers a loose thick thread, worked in on a pillow, what is now known as 'torchon.' Geuse was formerly an article of extensive consumption in France, but from the beginning of the last century little used save by the lower classes. Many old persons may still remember the term 'beggars' lace.'"—Mrs. Palliser's *History of Lace*.

No. 4.—Chapter VIII., Page 9.

Mechlin Lace.

Mechlin is the prettiest of laces—fine, transparent, and effective. It is made in one piece, on the pillow, with various fancy stitches introduced. Its distinguishing feature is the flat thread which forms the flower, and gives to this lace the character of embroidery—hence it is sometimes called "broderie de Malines." It is made at Mechlin, Antwerp, Lierre, and Turnhout, but the manufacture has long been on the decline. Lately, however (1875), it appears to have partially revived. Previous to 1665, the name was given to all pillow-laces of which the pattern was relieved by a flat thread. It was only this that distinguished it from Valenciennes.

Regnard, who visited Flanders in 1681, writes from Mechlin:—"The common people, as throughout all Flanders, occupy themselves in making the white lace known as Malines, and the Béguinage, the most considerable in the country, is supported by the work of the Béguines, in which they excel greatly." Queen Mary wore Mechlin ruffles, which she may have brought from Flanders.

Queen Anne in 1713 paid £247 6s. 9d. for 83 yards, either to one Margaret Jolly or one Francis Dobson, "Millenario Regali"—the Royal Milliner, as he styles himself. George I. indulged in a "Macklin" cravat.

Smollett, in "Roderick Random," described the naval puppy—"His hair powdered with maréchal, a cambric shirt, his Malines lace dyed with coffee grounds."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, describing an admirer, writes:—

> "With eager beat his Mechlin cravat moves—
> He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves!"

It was the favorite lace of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and of the Princess Amelia. Napoleon I. was also a great admirer of this fabric, and when he first saw the light Gothic tracery of the cathedral spire of Antwerp he exclaimed, "C'est comme de la dentille de Malines."—Mrs. Palliser's *History of Lace*.

A set of Mechlin Ruffles, for breast and sleeves, that had belonged to Lord Nelson, was sold a few years ago at Christie and Manson's, a letter certifying to the fact accompanying them. It was before the recent revival of lace set in, and the price given for all was only ten shillings.

No. 5.—CHAPTER XIV., Page 14.

The Organ in the Church of St. Jacobi.

The fine organ in the Church of St. Jacobi, at Hamburg, was built by the Abbe Schnitker, and was completed towards the close of the seventeenth century. Sebastian Bach, when a young man, was very desirous to obtain the appointment of organist to this church, on account of the great excellence of the instrument it contained; but in spite of the excitement his wonderful playing created he did not succeed, the reason being that a clerical amateur, of mediocre talent, offered a sum of money for the appointment, which temptation had more weight with the authorities than the transcendent skill of the great master. The organ has 60 sounding stops, 4 manuals, and pedal of 14 stops. (The viol da gamba was the fourth stop on the great organ.)

The name of the builder of the above excellent organ is held in great veneration in Germany; where his instruments are as highly prized for their stability as they are justly celebrated for their dignified and impressive tone.

The Abbe Schnitker resided at a place about thirty-six English miles from Hamburg, in the Hanoverian territory, in a house that has gone by the name of "The Organ-Builder's Box," or "Villa," ever since.—Rimbault's *Organ and its History*.

Dr. Rimbault, writing in 1870 of the three great organs in the Hamburg churches, which are by different builders, rather implies that they have not undergone alterations since erection, which is scarcely probable.

"The three fine instruments just noticed form most interesting objects for examination to an English admirer of the organ, not simply on account of the very distinct character in the tone of each, but because they so closely resemble in quality the organs of the three most celebrated builders of this country of past times; and they therefore picture to the hearer what the instruments of those builders would have been had the art in England been in a more advanced state in their day. The organ in St. Catherine's, which is the oldest of the three, is strikingly like Harris's in tone; clear, ringing, and dashing in the mixtures. That in the church of St. Jacobi calls to mind the instruments of Father Smith; resonant, solemn, and dignified, with somewhat less fire than that at St. Catherine's, but rather more fullness. The organ at St. Michael's is the most recently constructed (1768), is also the largest in scale, is less musical and pleasing, and in all respects calls to mind the excellent instrument of Green."

St. Jacobi's has 60 sounding stops, 4 manuals, pedal of 14 stops—great, choir, echo, swell, pedal. The four manuals can be coupled together.

No. 6.—Chapter XV., Page 15.

Organ Stops.

On particular occasions the performance of a band of minstrels was added to the organ. Minstrels' galleries are often seen in the continental churches, but are rarely met with in England.

By employing the small scale, a number of registers with a penetrating yet pleasing tone were obtained, in imitation of the violin, viol da gamba, etc. By the large scale, on the contrary, was preserved that full, round tone which we always hear in good organs.

Besides which, certain kinds of pipes were made to taper upwards, whereby some other registers were added to the former, such as the spitz-flute, gemshorn, etc. In the course of the sixteenth century reed registers were invented, by which it was sought to imitate the tone of other instruments—for instance, the posaune, trumpet, shalm, vox-humana, bearspipe, etc. Great organs and great organists were the growth of Germany.—Burney's *History of Music*.

The compass of the viol da gamba stop is down to tenor C. . . . The bell gamba is very agreeable and reedy. . . . The German gamba is much stronger, pungent, and cutting, but of slower intonation, imitating the bite of the bow on the string, hence the latter has always the stopped diapason or holeflöte (still better) drawn with it, which perform the same office in regard to this and all other slow-speaking stops that the percussion does to the tongues of the harmonium. . . . The German gamba is usually composed of cylindrical pipes of small scale; occasionally of conical pipes.—Rimbault's *German Organs*.

No. 7.—Chapter XVI., Page 15.

Lutanistes in Churches.

The employment of a lutaniste as one of the choir of a church was usual in other countries than Germany. In England, mention is made of one as late as 1715. According to Sir John Hawkins, 1756, a lutanist, one Mr. John Shore, as well as a violist, Mr. Francisco Goodsens, and a second composer, Mr. John Weldon, were appointed to the Church of St. Martin-in-Fields, London. George I. had been chosen by the parish as their churchwarden, an office of which he grew tired in two months. He retired, and presented the parish with an organ, of which Dr. Croft was organist.—Burney.

Mersennus, a learned French writer, who wrote his *Harmonia Universelle*, a Latin book on the nature and properties of sounds, of instruments of various kinds, of consonances and dissonances, of composition, of the human voice, etc., etc., in 1648, speaks of the strings then in use for musical instruments. The thicker cords of the viol da gambas and lutes were made of thirty or forty single intestines, the best coming from Rome and some other cities in Italy, this superiority being probably owing to the air, the water, or the herbage on which the sheep of Italy feed. Strings may be made of silk, flax, or other material, but the animal are far the best.—Sir John Hawkins' *History of Music*.

No. 8.—Chapter XVIII., Page 17.

Sweden and Germany after the Peace of Westphalia.

By the Treaty of Westphalia Sweden established herself firmly on the mouths of the great northern rivers. The eastern part of Pomerania she surrendered to Brandenburg. But Western Pomerania, including within its frontier both banks of the lower Vistula, was surrendered to her, whilst the possession of the bishoprics of Bremen and Verden, on which Christian of Denmark had set his eyes at the beginning of the war, gave her a commanding position at the mouths of the Elbe and Weser.—Gardiner's *Thirty Years' War*.

The Swedes were no less eager to share in the spoils of an empire which its own children had offered to the stranger. Her first demands were for the Duchies of Pomerania and Silesia, and for the secularization of several episcopal and archiepiscopal sees. She obtained the whole of Upper Pomerania, several towns and fortresses in Lower Pomerania, the isles of Rugen and Wollen, the city of Wismar, with the secularization of Bremen, which was changed from an archbishopric to a duchy, and of Verden, which became a secular principality, the chapters and religious foundations of both being forever abolished.—Dunham's *History of the Germanic Empire*.

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58	Silas Marner	10
70	Middlemarch	20
80	Daniel Deronda	20
202	Mr. Gilfil's Love Story	10
217	The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton	10
277	Brother Jacob	10
309	Janet's Repentance	10
527	Impressions of Theophrastus Such	10
941	The Mill on the Floss (large type)	20

B. L. FARJEON'S WORKS.

96	Love's Victory	10
105	At the Sign of the Silver Flagon	10
107	Blade-o'-Grass	10
113	Golden Grain	10
133	The Duchess of Rosemary Lane	10
139	London's Heart	20
149	Joshua Marvel	20
248	"Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses"	10
324	Shadows on the Snow	10
670	The Bells of Penraven	10
992	119 Great Porter Square	20

F. W. FARRAR'S WORKS.

711	The Life of Christ	20
722	The Life and Work of St. Paul (first half)	20
722	The Life and Work of St. Paul (second half)	20

George Manville Fenn's Works.

468	A Gilded Pill	10
693	Goblin Rock	10

OCTAVE FEUILLET'S WORKS.

120	Romance of a Poor Young Man	10
428	A Woman's Journal	10
885	Onesta. A Story of Venice	10
1040	Jeanne; or, The History of a Parisienne	10

MRS. FORRESTER'S WORKS.

395	Fair Women	20
431	Diana Carew	20
474	Viva	20
504	Rhona	20
538	A Young Man's Fancy	20
556	Mignon	20
[illegible]	The Turn of Fortune's Wheel	10
[illegible]	Dolores	20
620	In a Country House	10
632	Queen Elizabeth's Garden	10
858	Roy and Viola	20
894	My Hero	20

JESSIE FOTHERGILL'S WORKS.

661	Probation	20
840	The Wellfields	20
	Kith and Kin	20

R. E. FRANCILLON'S WORKS.

178	Rare Good Luck	10
644	Pearl and Emerald	10
713	Esther's Glove	10
904	Queen Cophetua	20
924	Under Slieve-Ban	10

JAMES A. FROUDE'S WORKS.

780	John Bunyan	10
974	Cæsar	20

Lady Georgiana Fullerton's Works.

442	The Notary's Daughter. From the French of Madame Leonie D'Aulney	10
765	Rose Leblanc	10
864	Rosemary	10

EMILE GABORIAU'S WORKS.

408	File No. 113	20
465	Monsieur Lecoq (first half)	20
465	Monsieur Lecoq (second half)	20
476	The Slaves of Paris (first half)	20
476	The Slaves of Paris (second half)	20
490	Marriage at a Venture	10
494	The Mystery of Orcival	20
501	Other People's Money	20
509	Within an Inch of His Life	20
515	The Widow Lerouge	20
523	The Clique of Gold	20
671	The Count's Secret (Part I)	20
671	The Count's Secret (Part II)	20
704	Captain Contanceau; or, the Volunteers of 1792	10
741	The Downward Path; or, A House Built on Sand (La Degringolade). Part I	20
741	The Downward Path; or, A House Built on Sand (La Degringolade). Part II	20
758	The Little Old Man of the Batignolles	10
778	The Men of the Bureau	10
789	Promises of Marriage	10
813	The 13th Hussars	10
834	A Thousand Francs Reward	10
899	Max's Marriage; or, The Viscount's Choice	10

MRS. GASKELL'S WORKS.

125	Mary Barton	10
127	My Lady Ludlow	10
128	Cousin Phillis	10
208	North and South	20
232	A Dark Night's Work	10

CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE'S WORKS.

717	The Life and Words of Christ (first half)	20
717	The Life and Words of Christ (second half)	20

CHARLES GIBBON'S WORKS.

682	Queen of the Meadow	20
690	Robin Gray	20
751	In Honor Bound	20
776	For Lack of Gold	20

THEODORE GIFT'S WORKS.

425	Maid Ellice	20
1027	A Matter-of-Fact Girl	20

JAMES GRANT'S WORKS.

216	Legends of the Black Watch	10
245	Jack Manly	10
290	Dick Rodney	10
321	Captain of the Guard	10
335	The Queen's Cadet	10
339	Letty Hyde's Lovers	10
347	The Hundred Cuirassiers	10
	Torthorwald	20

MARIA M. GRANT'S WORKS.

312	Artiste	10
378	Bright Morning; or, Once and Forever	20
383	The Sun Maid	20
398	Victor Lescar	20
617	My Heart's in the Highlands	20
729	Prince Hugo	20

J. R. GREEN'S WORKS.

861	History of the English People. Vol. I	20
861	History of the English People. Vol. II	20
861	History of the English People. Vol. III	20
861	History of the English People. Vol. IV	20

HENRY GREVILLE'S WORKS.

404	Ariadne	10
420	Niania	10
424	Sonia	10
536	Anton Malissof	10
544	The Princess Ogherof	10

T. C. HALIBURTON'S WORKS.

413	Sam Slick, the Clockmaker	10
473	Sam Slick in England	20
895	The Old Judge	20
	Sam Slick in Search of a Wife; or, Wise Saws	20

MISS IZA DUFFUS HARDY'S WORKS.

659	A Broken Faith	20
753	Only a Love Story	20

THOMAS HARDY'S WORKS.

50	Under the Greenwood Tree	10
569	Far From the Madding Crowd	20
738	Fellow-Townsmen	10
890	The Trumpet-Major	20
946	The Hand of Ethelberta	20
986	A Pair of Blue Eyes	20
	A Laodician	20

WILLIAM HAUFF'S WORKS.

889	The Beggar Girl of the Bridge of Arts	10
995	The Emperor's Picture	10

MARY CECIL HAY'S WORKS.

8	The Arundel Motto	10
407	The Arundel Motto (in larger type)	20
9	Old Myddelton's Money	10
427	Old Myddelton's Money (in larger type)	20
17	Hidden Perils	10
434	Hidden Perils (in larger type)	20
23	The Squire's Legacy	10
516	The Squire's Legacy (in larger type)	20
27	Victor and Vanquished	20
29	Nora's Love Test	10
421	Nora's Love Test (in larger type)	20
275	A Shadow on the Threshold	10
363	Reaping the Whirlwind	10
384	Back to the Old Home	10
415	A Dark Inheritance	10
440	The Sorrow of a Secret and Lady Carmichael's Will	10
686	Brenda Yorke	10
724	For Her Dear Sake	20
852	Missing	10
855	Dolf's Big Brother	10
930	In the Holidays	10
935	Under Life's Key and Other Stories	20
972	Into the Shade and Other Stories	20
1011	My First Offer	10
1014	Told in New England and Other Tales	10
1016	At the Seaside	10

MRS. CASHEL HOEY'S WORKS.

493	A Golden Sorrow	20
901	The Blossoming of an Aloe	20
	The Question of Cain	20

THOMAS HUGHES' WORKS.

492	Tom Brown's Schooldays at Rugby	20
640	Tom Brown at Oxford	20
598	The Manliness of Christ	10
1041	Rugby, Tennessee	10

VICTOR HUGO'S WORKS.

179	The History of a Crime	10
261	Les Miserables—Fantine	10
262	Les Miserables—Cosette	10
263	Les Miserables—Marius	10
264	Les Miserables—St. Denis	10
265	Les Miserables—Jean Valjean	10
307	The Toilers of the Sea	20
597	The Hunchback of Notre Dame	20

MRS. ALFRED W. HUNT'S WORKS.

917	The Posy Ring	10
925	The Leaden Casket	20

JEAN INGELOW'S WORKS.

611	Sarah de Berenger	20
694	Off the Skelligs	20
839	Fated to be Free	20
982	Don John	20

G. P. R. JAMES' WORKS.

303	Margaret Graham	10
599	The Castle of Ehrenstein	20
607	The Last of the Fairies	10
614	The Man at Arms; or, Henry de Cerons	20
692	The King's Highway	20
755	The Smuggler	20
814	The Old Oak Chest	20
947	Philip Augustus	20
988	The Huguenot	20
	Richelieu	20
	Agnes Sorel	20
	Russell	20
	Darnley	20
	The Robber	20

MISS HARRIET JAY'S WORKS.

637	Madge Dunraven	20
650	The Queen of Connaught	10

JULIA KAVANAGH'S WORKS.

238	Beatrice	20
879	Rachel Gray	10

ANNIE KEARY'S WORKS.

681	A Doubting Heart	20
715	Oldbury	20
793	Castle Daly	20

W. H. G. KINGSTON'S WORKS.

204	The Young Llanero	10
315	Twice Lost	10

MAY LAFFAN'S WORKS.

739	Christy Carew	20
763	No Relations. From the French of Hector Malot	20

GEORGE LAWRENCE'S WORKS.

806	Guy Livingstone	10
809	Sword and Gown	10

MARGARET LEE'S WORKS.

354	A Celebrated Case	10
958	Nellie	20
1024	Lizzie Adriance	20

CHARLES LEVER'S WORKS.

98	Harry Lorrequer	20
132	Jack Hinton, the Guardsman	20
137	A Rent in a Cloud	10
146	Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon (Triple Number)	30
152	Arthur O'Leary	20
168	Con Cregan	20
169	St. Patrick's Eve	10
174	Kate O'Donoghue	20
257	That Boy of Norcott's	10
296	Tom Burke of Ours (first half)	20
296	Tom Burke of Ours (second half)	20
319	Davenport Dunn (first half)	20
319	Davenport Dunn (second half)	20
464	Gerald Fitzgerald	20
470	The Fortunes of Glencore	20
529	Lord Kilgobbin	20
546	Maurice Tiernay	20
566	A Day's Ride	20
609	Barrington	20
633	Sir Jasper Carew, Knight	20
657	The Martins of Cro' Martin (Part I)	20
657	The Martins of Cro' Martin (Part II)	20
822	Tony Butler	20
872	Luttrell of Arran. Part I	20
872	Luttrell of Arran. Part II	20
951	Paul Gosslett's Confessions	10
965	One of Them. First half	20
965	One of Them. Second half	20
989	Sir Brook Fossbrooke. Part I	20
989	Sir Brook Fossbrooke. Part II	20

MRS. LEITH-ADAMS' WORKS.

214	Winstowe	20
353	Georgie's Wooer	10
553	My Land of Beulah	10
592	Madelon Lemoine	20
906	Aunt Hepsy's Foundling	20

L. W. M. LOCKHART'S WORKS.

376	Mine is Thine	20
	Fair to See	20

SAMUEL LOVER'S WORKS.

33	Handy Andy	20
66	Rory O'More	20
123	Irish Legends	10
158	He Would be a Gentleman	20
293	Tom Crosbie	10

MRS. E. LYNN LINTON'S WORKS.

161	The World Well Lost	20
563	Our Professor	10
991	My Love	20

SIR BULWER LYTTON'S WORKS.

6	The Last Days of Pompeii	20
587	Zanoni	20
689	Pilgrims of the Rhine	10
714	Leila; or, The Siege of Grenada	10
781	Rienzi, The Last of the Tribunes	20
955	Eugene Aram	20
979	Ernest Maltravers	20
1001	Alice	20
	Kenelm Chillingly	20
	My Novel. Part I	20
	My Novel. Part II	20
	The Caxtons	20

T. B. MACAULAY'S WORKS.

926	The Lays of Ancient Rome and Other Poems	10
976	History of England. Part I	20
976	History of England. Part II	20
976	History of England. Part III	20
976	History of England. Part IV	20
976	History of England. Part V	20
976	History of England. Part VI	20
976	History of England. Part VII	20
976	History of England. Part VIII	20
976	History of England. Part IX	20
976	History of England. Part X	20

GEORGE MACDONALD'S WORKS.

455	Paul Faber, Surgeon	20
491	Sir Gibbie	20
595	The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood	20
[illegible]	The Seaboard Parish	20
627	Thomas Wingfold, Curate	20
643	The Vicar's Daughter	20
668	David Elginbrod	20
677	St. George and St. Michael	20
790	Alec Forbes of Howglen	20
887	Malcolm	20

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THE LUTANISTE OF ST. JACOBI'S.
By CATHARINE DREW.

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The Lutaniste of St. Jacobi's.

A TALE.

By CATHARINE DREW.

CHAPTER I.

GEORGE NEUMARCK.

More than two hundred years ago a letter was written at Königsberg by the Professor of Poetry at the University, Simon Dach, to a friend and former disciple, George Neumarck, a musician at Hamburg.

A moment's reflection will recall to the minds of English readers the names of both these men as writers of verses—some sacred and some secular—with translations of which various writers have made us familiar. In the pages of Miss Catherine Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica*, Simon Dach's name occurs twice, and that of George Neumarck once.

Verse writing has never been looked upon as remunerative work, poets being proverbially poor men. Music, on the contrary, gives golden guerdons. But in the seventeenth century the position of the two branches of art was exactly the reverse, the early history of all the greatest musicians being chronicles of years of struggling. Thus Simon Dach found a royal patron and a professorial chair, and was placed beyond reach of want; while George Neumarck was still poor, and worse—unknown to those who might have made him rich.

The tie that bound these two men together as friends was not that of kinship, but something that is often stronger and more enduring than the relationship which is of blood only. Neumarck had been Dach's disciple first, and friend afterwards; under his teaching, and with him as his companion, George had spent the determining years of his life, receiving from his master's teaching certain impressions that turned the whole current of his life into new channels.

With a kind of dismay, born of his affection for his old pupil, Dach regarded George's career with painful interest. In one respect he would not have had it otherwise, and was proud of the result of his lessons; in another, he grieved that one he loved should, through him, experience the sharp sting of poverty, that fight for bare existence which all the ease and prosperity of his own latter days were powerless to make him forget. That George had chosen rightly in refusing to enter on a career for which easy acquiescence with popular views, and submission of conscience to the guidance of others, were the chief qualifications, Dach reflected proudly; but there were times at which he remembered, with sorrow, that to his teaching was owing the low ebb to which his friend's worldly prospects had now fallen.

It had been Neumarck's misfortune to be a clever child, or, rather, to be considered so. It was the same in the seventeenth century as it is even now in the nineteenth, that when the boy said unusual and unexpected things, the source of which his parents were unable to trace, they thought it must be genius that prompted the utterances, and set him down as an infant prodigy.

It is the trouble of but too many parents in the present day to find callings for their sons. Every market seems to be over-stocked. Neumarck's parents only doubted that any of the doors at which George might knock were worthy of such condescension on his part. But whatever threshold he stepped over, they pictured him having to stoop in doing it, so ill-calculated were the lintels in height for an intellectual giant like him.

And now all their great expectations were dead. They had been born almost by the boy's cradle, but all their fond prophecies remained unfulfilled; he disappointed their best hopes, and when he left the University of Königsberg, it was as if father and mother sat by the grave of all their early anticipations. When our story opens, George had been written down by every one as a failure; and in that respect also the seventeenth century resembled the nineteenth, that it only worshiped successful people.

For thirty years previously, Germany had been governed by the sword, or by a succession of swords. The Peace of Westphalia inaugurated a new dispensation, and statesmanship, or, as George styled it, statesmancraft, was to be the controlling power for the future.

In selecting jurisprudence as the future calling of their son, George Neumarck's parents were far from unkind to him. To the popular view it was a path to lead to eminence, and, the number of men to whom the previous preparation had been possible being limited, the field appeared to be clear for a gifted young man to enter upon it. Now that war was over, the world was for the future to be governed, not by the sword, but by legal acumen.

But George refused to follow the path that parental care had laid down for him—not the first, by many thousands, who had chosen for himself his line in life.

But in Neumarck's case it was the trying part to his friends, that when he said he would not follow a certain course, he was unable to say what other he would take. In truth he did not know himself, for the time had not yet come with him when he could see a decided path in which to tread.

"Life," says Mr. Frederick Wedmore, "life itself, or at all events the life of most of us, is a success or failure according to the very closeness with which we lay hold on the incident or occasion of the hour—according as, by the power born or bred within us, we grasp truly or falsely the relation of passing things."

George had none of this power. In a worldly world he would ever be a failure; but in a spiritual one he would have been a king. His University life had been cloister-like in its seclusion from the world; it had been a long dream of preparation for an Utopia that had no existence outside the walls of Königsberg, in which music and its kindred art, poetry, should be the recreations of pious people, who lived only to be ready for a higher state of existence.

George Neumarck's strongest point was as a musician, and to this gift he looked chiefly as a means of subsistence. But even in this he was not powerful. It was necessary to take him as a high-minded, honest man, very pious and very intellectual—shrinkingly so—to find what he was as a whole. Taking any one of these endowments apart from the others, it was weak; taken together, they were strong.

In speaking of him as a musician, he cannot be classed with any of the great men of his time. In fact, it has been one of the difficulties encountered in trying to tell the story of his life, or a part of it, that it gave no materials for sketching a hero, strong, broad in mind, powerful in gifts. Only for his piety, George Neumarck would have left little behind him to record in connection with his name.

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